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Glen 179

THE
VILLAGE
OPERA.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL,
BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. JOHNSON.

Agrestem tenui meditatatus arundine Musam. Virg.

To which is Added
The MUSICK to each SONG.

L O N D O N:

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir *Nicholas Wiseacre*, A Country Gentleman. Mr. *Harper*.

Sir *William Freeman*, Father to young *Freeman*. } Mr. *Griffin*.

Freeman (otherwise *Colin*) A Gentleman in }
the Disguise of a Gard'ner, in Love } Mr. *Williams*.
with *Betty*.

Lucas, An Old Gard'ner in the Family of }
Sir *Nicholas Wiseacre*. } Mr. *Johnson*.

Brusb, } } Mr. *Miller*.
File, } Two Roguish Footmen. } Mr. *Oates*.

Hobinol. Mr. *Berry*.

Cloddy. Mr. *Ray*.

W O M E N.

Lady *Wiseacre*.

Rosella, Daughter to Sir *Nicholas*.

Betty, Servant to *Rosella*.

Peggy, }
Dolly, } Country Lasses.
Susan, }

Mrs. *Shireburn*.

Miss *Rastor*.

Mrs. *Thurmond*.

} Mrs. *Grace*.

} Mrs. *Mills*.

} Mrs. *Roberts*.

Country Lads and Lasses for the Statute, Sheep-Shearing, &c.

SCENE a Country-Village, a Gentleman's
House in Prospect.

The following SONG is Sung by Miss RAFTOR
in the Character of ROSELLA in the Second Act,
Page 44, after these Words — *than any in Garth's*
Ovid.

A New AIR.



*If 'tis true, that once amorous Jove
Lay conceal'd in a Bull of the Town,
A Gentleman, sure, may make Love
With Success, in the Form of a Clown.*

*Had Jove like your Colin appear'd,
Europa, with pleasing Surprise,
Won'd in Raptures his Prayers have heard,
And found out the God in Disguise.*



The VILLAGE Opera.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Garden of Sir Nicholas Wiseacre.*

FREEMAN (*otherwise COLIN*) *alone.*

WHAT Work does Love make in this little World of ours? It is a Dram that only warms the Stomach of a Fool, but turns the Head of a wise Man topsy-torvy. If I should be discover'd, I have to very fine purpose transform'd my self into this Habit of a Gard'ner; and that not for the Love of the fine Lady and Fortune here, but her Maid, the Maid of *Rosella*, Daughter to Sir *Nicholas Wiseacre*, to whom all the Beeves, and Sheep, and Poultry, and Fields, and Men, and Women round this Village, solely appertain, and to whom I too ought to appertain; for the old Folk have appointed his Daughter and Me to be joined together in honourable Wedlock this very Day: But I run for it, and have made my Escape into the very Prison I fled from, this House of Sir *Nicholas*. My only Crony, and Confident, and Friend here is *Lucas* the Head Gard'ner, and my Master indeed: What a great Baby is a Fellow in Love? Reason wou'd say — But what has Reason to do in that Affair?

AIR I. *Diogenes* furly and proud, &c.

Love and Reason are always a jarring:
Says Cupid, Pursue the fair Dame:
But Reason, Love's Schemes ever marring,
Cries aloud, 'tis a pitiful Game.
What then shall I do? — I'm resolv'd
At once to be Happy and Blind:
Tho' at present in Darkness involv'd,
'Twill be Sunshine when Betty is kind.

Enter Lucas to Freeman (Colin.)

Luc. What, Musing, *Colin*? Hum, while this giddy Gypsy, *Betty*, is in thy Head —

Colin. What then?

Luc. You can think of no other Part of Nature.

Col. She is a fine Flower — I am curious.

Luc. Young Man, young Man, she is too much known and admired to fall to thy Share; thou wo't never transplant her, I warrant.

Col. Who knows? tho' she shrinks like the cold Plant from my Touch, I have seen her open to the Sun, and Coquette it with the Gayest.

AIR

ACT I. The *VILLAGE* OPERA.

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AIR II. *Cloe* be wife, &c.



*When I the blooming Maid draw nigh,
Like the delusive Plant, the Fair
Shrinks back, does my Embraces fly,
And leaves her Colin to despair.*

Luc. I will tell thee, *Colin*, she has been raised in a hot Bed; she is delicate and tender, not fit for thee. These Chamber-Maids, these Half-Gentlewomen, make the oddest Wives when they fall into the hands of a plain Countryman, and that they seldom do 'till the Bloom is quite gone; like our fine Fruit, when they have withstood the Market, they either fall into the Hands of Higlers, or come back to us again.—It is mighty pretty tho' to be in Love; when I was young, I remember *Dolly Mayfly* laid hold of my Heart, we tugg'd for it a good while:—She was a Lass might have shewn her Head on a Holiday with the best of 'em.

AIR III. The *Logan* Water.



*My Dolly was the Snow-drop fair,
Curling Endive was her Hair;
The fragrant Jessamine, her Breath;
White Kidney-Beans, her even Teeth.*

*Two Daisies were her Eyes;
 Her Breasts in swelling Mushrooms rise;
 Her Waist, the streight and upright Fir;
 But all her Heart was Cucumber.*

And what could I do? Love, that is, Idleness, was in possession of me; my Strawberries were unwater'd, the Melons dropt from their Vines, and the young Orange-trees were unhoused; nothing flourished in my Garden while this young Wench was in my Head. *Colin*, this is your Case, the Flowers in yon *Parterre* wither for want of Water, the Roses and Lillies perish without Moisture.

AIR IV. *Grand Lewis*, let thy Pride be abated, &c.



Colin. You complain of your Roses and Lillies;
 No Roses or Lillies I mind,
 But those on the Face of my Phillis,
 But those of my Phillis unkind:
 Forgive them an amorous Passion;
 Since each Man on this Occasion
 Is at once both Idle and Blind.

Luc. These Roses and Lillies,
 These Foes of Phillis,
 Are merely a fanciful Start;

This

ACT I. The *VILLAGE* OPERA.

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*This Sting of Desire
Is but a Sweet-Brier,
And by Fools it is call'd Cupid's Dart;
Which when thou art marry'd a Season,
And once more return'd to thy Reason,
Will prove nothing else but Smart.*

Col. Pray tell me, *Lucas*, don't you think our old Master *Sir Nicholas* is a little proud, and peevish, and humourfome as it were?

Luc. O plaguey humourfome; he is never fo pleas'd as when Folk claw him, and tell him how rich he is : He thinks, forthwith, because he hath Money, that he is ignorant of nothing; and he will be directing me every now and then, when he does not know the Vine of a Melon from that of a Cucumber. You know our young Lady is to be marry'd to-day.

Col. So they say:

Luc. I wish her well; but the young Couple, it seems, have never seen one another; nor do the old Ones know, but by Report, whether their Son, that is to be, will prove a Man or a Monkey. It has been made up by the old Ones ——— the young Man is but just come from his Travels.

Col. And if they do not like one another —

Luc. Why then I will tell thee, their Fathers may as well go about to graft a Pear on a Furze-bush; but so they spread their Muck, they mind not the Ground.

AIR V. Such Command o'er my Fate.



*Wou'd you set in your Soil
A fair Tulip, or Rose,
With Art, and with Toil,
The fresh Earth you compose.*

When

The *VILLAGE OPERA*. ACT I.

*When a Daughter you Wed,
Without Culture, or Pain,
You toss her to Bed
To some wealthy dull Swain:
But your Flow'rs will all fade,
And your Daughters will dye,
If the Soil shou'd prove bad,
Or unkind, where they lye.*

Come, *Colin*, take thy Spade, turn the Gravel in yon Walk; prune those Nectarins, or roll the Terrace; don't let us idle away our Lives like those Creatures they call Gentlesfolks, who seem to be born only to eat, and drink, and sleep, and do nothing. [Exit Lucas.]

Colin alone.

What a Blessing is the cool Evening of Life! This happy old Man has every Passion under, while I am toss'd and agitated continually. O *Betty*! *Betty*! she treats me with as much haughty Severity as if she were a Princess; whatever she is, I am sure I am a Slave; all the Faculties of my Soul are employ'd on this one Point.

AIR VI. Young *Philander* woo'd me long.



*Oh, how Love has rent my Heart!
Its cruel Pangs and Throbs distress me:
Oh, how shall I cure the Smart,
Or ease the Pains that press me?
I cannot bear her coy Disdain,
Nor can I seek to give her Pain;
I cannot live and love in vain:
My Betty ne'er will bless me.*

Enter

Enter Brush.

Col. Brush — have you taken care, as I bad you?

Brush. Every thing will be ready; but, Sir, with Submission — I own I am not very deep —

Col. What puzzles you?

Brush. I cannot administer your Affairs so heartily nor so well, if I am not let into the Reason of them.

Col. Explain.

Brush. Why, Sir, I have in pursuance of your Command hired a Coach and Six to be ready at Midnight, to run away with a Lady to whom you were to be marry'd by consent of Friends on all sides, this very Day, before Twelve at Noon — This is a little dark, Sir.

Col. Well, Sir, as you are to be a principal Machine in the Execution, it is necessary you shou'd be let into the whole, and clearly; Know then, Mr. *Brush*, that my Friend *Hartwell* is over Head and Ears in Love with *Rosella* (the fair One to whom my Friends had allotted me) and *Rosella* has bestow'd in return her Heart on *Heartwell*; in a word, the dear Creatures are mutually smitten and engaged; and this *Rosella* has ventur'd to do, contrary to the express and repeated Commands of her Father Sir *Nicholas Wiseacre*, the Lord of this Mansion-house and Manor.

Brush. Right, Sir.

Col. Now, Sir, tho' the Inheritance is convey'd to me, I only take it in Trust for my Friend; and therefore I have engaged to throw these Lovers into each other's Arms, and the Coach and Six is to roll away with us all together at Midnight.

Brush. This is Heroick. But why are you so averse to this Match your self? *Rosella* is a fine Woman, and her Fortune and Character unexceptionable.

Col. Sir, will you be pleas'd to know just as much as I please you shou'd, and no farther?

Brush. I have done, Sir — there will be room for Four in the Coach, Sir.

Col. And what then?

Brush. I suppose, Sir, Mrs. *Betty* etrôpes with her Lady.

Col. Is that necessary?

Brush. Absolutely, according to all Rules in Romance or Novel.

AIR VII. Ye Commons and Peers, &c.



*Whenever your Game
Is to steal off the Dame,
Take the Chamber-maid with you, I pray;
With Her Sign and Seal,
And she'll never reveal,
For her own Sake, your amorous Play.*

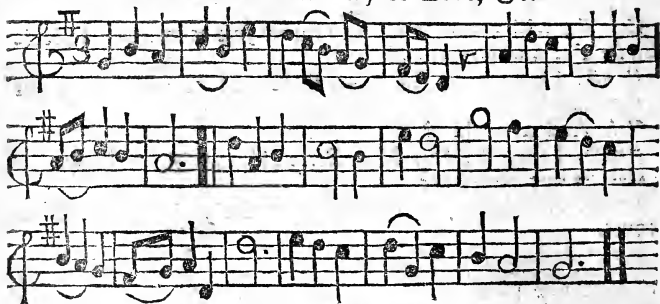
Mrs. Betty is a fine Woman; upon my Soul, Sir, she is a very fine Woman.

Col. You like her, *Brush*?

Brush. Ah! Sir, I have sigh'd and wish'd for her many a long Night in vain. I am hardly able, Sir, to think of any thing else. Why, Sir, she has set the whole Village in a Flame, and if you do not carry her off to-night, it will be in Ashes before to-morrow Morning.

Col. She has a mixture both of the Prude and the Coquette, yet whether she gives Pain or Pleasure no-body presumes to claim her; yet she never uses her Power with Insolence; if you feel her, it is as if you feel the Principle of Light, at a distance it animates with genial Warmth, but the Glory is too powerful when near.

AIR VIII. The Play of Love, &c.



*On the rising Dawn of Light,
Safe the joyous Eye may gaze;
But Blindness overwhelms the Sight
That ventures on Meridian Rays.*

Brush.

Act I. The *VILLAGE* OPERA.

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Brush. Ay, Sir, she is just so; and if I had Words like you, I cou'd tell you she is ———

Col. Enough! take particular Care as I have directed you, that every thing be ready at Twelve this Evening.

Brush. But where are we to take up Mr. *Heartwell*? He goes with us, it seems?

Col. I am to let him in at the Gate which opens into the Road from the Vineyard: *Heartwell* has given *Rosella* notice, and she and *Betty* will be punctual.

Brush. Ay, I warrant, Sir, the Ladies will be punctual.

Col. Be you so too; remember all your Materials, the Ladder of Ropes, the dark Lanthorn; and every thing necessary for an Elopement.

Brush. Dear Sir, do you think I wou'd undertake an Affair of this kind without my Tools? depend upon me, Sir; and since I am to conduct this Business ———

Col. You prate too much, I think.

Brush. Lord, Sir, the best General in the World can never show himself but in Action or in Words.

Col. Away! I hear old *Lúcas*; away! [Exit *Brush.*

Colin alone.

The little Tyrant who has possession of me, is absolute too; where-ever she appears, the approaching Moments promise me Joys I never knew before; at the same time that I oblige my Friend, I shall converse with my little Enchantress, talk to her, look into her Eyes, her Heart, examine of what Materials that beautiful living Lustre is composed. Oh, the dear Hope!

AIR. IX. *Sawny* was tall, &c.



Hope, thou Nurse of young Desire,
Fairy Promiser of Joy,
Beauteous Prospect, Glow-worm Fire,
Delighting, never known to cloy.

Kind

*Kind Deceiver, flatter still,
 Let me be in Wishes blest;
 My Breast with fancy'd Pleasures fill,
 And Raptures, tho' in Dreams possess'd.*

Sir *Nicholas* and Lady *Wiseacre* are on the Terrace; I must retire, or I shall be ask'd a thousand impertinent Questions, and my Head and my Heart are at this time both too full, to bear to be broke in upon. [Exit *Colin*.

Enter Sir Nicholas and Lady Wiseacre.

La. Wife. Methinks it is pity but the young Folks had seen one another before Marriage.

Sir Nich. No, Wife, no; 'tis *Cent. per Cent.* better as it is; and I have done wisely, very wisely.

La. Wife. No doubt on't, Sir *Nicholas*, you have done very wisely; only I say in case they shou'd not like one another.

Sir Nich. Why, I wou'd have it so, they shou'd not like one another.

La. Wife. As you say, Sir *Nicholas*, it might be better; for if they shou'd be a fond Couple, the first Child, they say, will prove a Fool.

Sir Nich. Not so neither; that is an idle Tale, Wife; but I wou'd have them go coolly into Matrimony, with as much Indifference as if they had been legally joined half an Age; I wou'd not have them, as the Custom is, to slump at once out of the Honey-moon into Aversion.

La. Wife. As you say, Sir *Nicholas*, a warm Passion at first is not so well, and it wou'd be right —

Sir Nich. How do you know it wou'd be right? How shou'd a Woman know any thing that is right? 'Tis Fifty to One, Wife, that you are never in the right.

La. Wife. That may be, Sir *Nicholas*, for I always agree with you in every thing.

Sir Nich. Well, well, thou art an innocent Stupe, a poor tame Bird, and mean't no harm. I wonder much we hear nothing of Sir *William*, and Mr. *Freeman* my Son-in-Law that is to be; this is the Day appointed, and if they do not come—

La. Wife. It is true, Sir *Nicholas*, the Canonical Hour may be past.

Sir Nich. Why, let it be past; thou art so wise, Wife! Why let it be past; if I please the Parson shall marry them at Midnight, provided the Bridegroom appears.

La. Wife. Indeed, as you say, if he should not come.

Sir Nich. Why, I shall find as good a Bargain for the Wench, somewhere else; why, what, she has but 400*l.* a Year Jointure,

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Jointure, for 5000*l*. The Provision for younger Children indeed will hamper him, by that time he comes to be Forty: ——— Hum!----- take it all together, I think it may come out pretty well — But Wife, while this thing hangs thus in Suspence, I have the care of a Girl's Virtue upon me, a juicy, buxom, young Wench of Sixteen; I wish She and the Money were both fairly out of my House.

AIR X. *Almanza.*



*A buxom young Daughter
Makes many Months water,
And the Fops all around her will spark it;
They say 'tis a Treasure,
But gives us no Pleasure,
'Till Daughters are brought to fair Market.
While our Cash is in Chest,
We are never at rest,
For Robbers are ev'ry where loose, Sir;
Our Girls, and our Purses,
Are nothing but Curses,
'Till they both are put out to good Use, Sir.*

Enter Betty.

Betty, so! how does my Daughter this Morning, this happy Morning?

Betty. She does not think it so, I believe.

Sir Nich. I will make her think it so, I believe; but what particular Reason has she?

Betty. Why, she does not know whether the Person she is to marry, is a Man or a Monster.

*Sir Nich. Hum! Mrs. Pert; she knows she is to be married; she knows she is to have a Husband; a wise Woman should not think of the Person she marries, but of the Privileges she is to enjoy by the Contract: An *English* Wife is as arbitrary as a *Turkish* Husband, and has unlimited Dominion, if she knows how to use it.*

La. Wife.

La. Wife. Indeed now, Sir *Nicholas*, I am apt to think —

Sir Nich. You are not apt to think, you cannot think, you never did think. Heark-ye, *Betty*! I believe that Dog *Heartwell* is in my Girl's Head still.

Betty. Really, Sir, I can not say.

Sir Nich. Really, Miss, you won't say; if he comes near my House I will shoot him; I wou'd as certainly fetch him down as a Kite from my Dove-house, a Poaching Rascal.

Betty. My poor young Lady, Sir, is inconsolable —

Sir Nich. Read a Romance to her, and comfort her; she has heard of Lovers in Distress, and is acting her Part I warrant.

Betty. It is hard, never to have seen the Person she is to be marry'd to.

Sir Nich. Hard! why, I have never seen him, nor her Mother; why is it harder on her than on us?

Betty. If he shou'd prove disagreeable.

Sir Nich. The Title to his Estate is as clear as any Man's.

Betty. She may be for ever unhappy.

Sir Nich. There is a Provision for separate Maintenance.

Betty. He may be brutal, provoking, unjust.

Sir Nich. She may bear it; or if she does not care to bear it, why, the Women will instruct her in the Revenge which shall be last in fashion. Heark-ye! let us have a swinging Sack-Poquet at Night; let there be plenty of Harts-horn Jellies and Sweet-meats: Housewife, let there be Sweat-meats in abundance — But I profess I am somewhat uneasy that Sir *William* and the young Squire are not arrived. Come, Wife, we will step into the Village and amuse our selves there, 'till the young Gentleman comes. There is a *Statute* it seems held there to-day, a Fair for hiring Servants; I think the Confusion my Family is in at present will oblige me to hire some new Servants very shortly — however, Wife, we will see what the Market affords.

[*Ex. Sir Nich. and La. Wife.*]

Enter Rosella.

Betty. A hard-headed Dolt! no Body can stir the Blood of this Resist Animal — O Madam! how do you find your Self?

Ros. Only out of my Wits, out of every Princely Wit I have in the World, for Joy, Girl.

Betty. This is sudden! I left you in Tears: Good Fortune —

Ros. Is arrived, is come, is here; here in my Hand, *Betty*; I have kiss'd it a thousand times; ask'd it a thousand Questions; read it over and over; got it by Heart; talk'd to it as a Friend, a Lover, a Deliverer.

Betty.

Betty. From *Heartwell!* let me read it, and share your Joy.

Ros. Attend a Moment. You have promis'd me you wou'd risque your Fortunes with me; the Hour is come to try all your Professions; — if you prove faithful — but you cannot be false; I see in your Eyes you consent, they tell me you will elope with me at Twelve this Evening; the Coach will attend punctually at the Garden-Gate, that opens into the Road from the Vineyard; the Horses, Servants, Lanthorns, Rope-Ladders, Band-boxes, Bundles, Lovers, all will be there, Girl, as you may see in the Contents. [*Throws the Letter to her.*]

AIR XI. *Jack's* Health.



*At Twelve of the Night,
When the Moon shines bright,
With my Lover I shall be a Gadder;
I'll steal from the House,
To the Arms of my Spouse,
Tho' my Father grows madder and madder.
No matter for Keys, no matter for Locks,
For Love, subtle Love, all Obstacles mocks;
Then hey! for the Bundle, and the Band-box,
And not forgetting the Ladder.*

Betty. Now your Joy has run you a little out of Breath, I may club a word or two; do you really design to go off to-night?

Ros. I do.

Betty.

Betty. And to leave your Parents, and the Husband they design'd for you, in the Lurch?

Ros. Most certainly.

Betty. You forget this Husband is coming, and you must be marry'd to-day.

Ros. I design to be very sick, and to put it off.

Betty. And if they insist —

Ros. I break absolutely; I refuse to consent.

Betty. I am answer'd. Now, Madam, as to my own Affairs; if I take Wing with you, you must own I leave a mighty Empire behind me.

Ros. It is true, the Heart of every Clown in this Village is absolutely thine.

Betty. Then I sacrifice to my Vanity, at least.

Ros. What Vanity? to be Queen of Clod-poles! but thy Heart has a little Hole in it too, I think.

Betty. It is too true.

Ros. Ay! there is a Story of a Stage-Coach, and a young Fellow who robb'd you of your Heart like a very Highwayman on the Road; come, tell me the little Novel, tho' I have heard it a thousand times.

Betty. When I came last down in the Stage-Coach, this Gentleman's Chaise broke, and he was obliged to take a Place with us to pursue his Journey.

Ros. Go on.

Betty. I have a Fluttering here, that — that ——— you will forgive me.

Ros. Dear, poor Thing, thou hast it indeed!

Betty. Except in that one Man, the Freedom and Gaiety of my Mind has never been broke in upon.

Ros. You neither know his Name or Quality?

Betty. Neither, nor shall ever see him; but no matter; or if I shou'd see him, our Circumstances are so unequal, it might be attended with worse Consequences.

Ros. This Qualm comes over you but seldom, and this Fellow ———

Betty. I often endeavour to shake him off, but *Cupid* perches on a Corner of my Heart, and laughs at the Attempt.

Ros. Poor Thing!

Betty. I Coquette, Smile, Sing, Laugh, Dance, play a thousand Tricks to catch ev'n the lowest Clown; but — shall I tell you what I never yet reveal'd?

Ros. Out with it.

Betty. There is a thing that appears to me now and then in the Garden, and frights me out of my Wits.

Ros. Colin!

Betty.

ACT I. The *VILLAGE* OPERA. 15

Betty. Colin.

Ref. I have seen you turn pale, and shake, while I have
talk'd with him. [*Sighing.*]

Betty. He is so like the young Fellow in Red, who first
play'd the Devil with my Heart, that it trembles at his Name.

AIR XII. *Polwart on the Green.*



*The trembling Pulse discovers
The Fever in the Blood;
Such is the State of Lovers,
Inconstant as the Flood.*

*Now swelling flows the Tide in,
Again, it Ebbs as low;
So Love my Soul dividing,
From Pleasure, sinks to Wee.*

AIR XIII. Sweet are the Charms of her I love, &c.



Ros. *Oh! tell us, Cupid, heav'nly Boy,
Gentle God of soft Desire;
Why dost thou mix with Pain thy Joy?
And various Passions thus inspire!
Say, when the Soul in Rapture strays,
Deluded with its easy Thrall;
Oh, Love! does this thy Triumph raise,
To dash the pleasing Cup with Gall?*

Ros. There is —

Betty. Who?

Ros. Colin. You colour, Girl; why so frighted?

Betty. Colour! why, that Fellow is the Ghost of — I don't know who; let us run in; for there is no staying longer in a Place where Spirits walk at Noon-day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II. *the Road before the House.*

Cloddy, follow'd by Susan holding his Frock.

Susan. Cloddy! Cloddy!

Clod. Well, and what sayn you?

Sus. Nay, if you are in haste, you may go.

Clod. Well, let me hear then —

Sus. I will bear it no longer.

Clod. What wou't thou not bear?

Sus. I have given my Lady Warning: I will live no longer in a House where I am used so by my Fellow-Servants.

Clod. Why, who hurts you?

Sus. You, and your Favourite Mrs. Betty.

Clod. Look ye, *Sukey*, take a Fool's Counsel; don't ye turn Grub, and fall out with your Provender: what tho' I did fancy you once, mayhap I may have changed my Mind; did you never change your Mind?

Sus. Thou knowest, cruel Man, how true I have always been to thee.

Clod. Humph! I mind well when you were as fond of *Hobinol*, when you ran wood about the Grounds after him too; Folk wou'd ha thought you had been bit by the Breefe.

Sus. To be left for a fine-finger'd Minx! um' she will make a rare Wife, I warrant. What is she fit for, but to quill a Cap, or pin a Gown; to make Jellies, or whip Creams; and yet she must ride, forsooth, in the Coach with my Lady, and is hardly suffer'd to soil her Fingers: What is she fit for?

Clod. She may be fit for as much as you; dan't you disparage your Betters, *Sukey* — If that will vex you then, I do like her, I do.

Sus. Ah, cruel Cloddy! after what has pass'd between us —

Clod. No matter, since you are so restiff; goed buy —

Sus. Well, if we must part, let us part fairly; you have given me some Presents, and Tokens that I thought to remember you by; but since I must lo — lose you [*sobbing.*] I do not desire to keep any thing that belongs to you — and I hope you will do the same, that there may be nothing between us.

Clod. With all my Heart; I desire only the fair thing, that is for a certain.

AIR XIV. Near the famous Town of *Reading*.

*Suf. Take again this Ivory Knife,
I shall never be thy Wife;
This, they said, wou'd prove my Bane,
This has cut our Love in twain.*

AIR XV. When the Kine had given, &c.



*Clod. Take thy Comb-case, take thy Ferret,
Round my Knee I'll never wear it:
Take thy Box of shining Steel,
And thy Stopper. Sue, farewell.
And my Heart I wou'd restore,
But, alas! 'tis mine no more;
For on last Allhallows Day
Betty stole it quite away.*

AIR XVI. The same Tune with AIR XIV.

Suf. *See the Six-pence that we broke,
To my Breast a fatal Stroke;
Tho' the sever'd Silver join,
Thou won't never more be mine.
Perjur'd Swain, then must we part?*

Clod. *Betty only has my Heart.*

Suf. - - - - - *Must we part?*

Clod. *Betty only has my Heart.* [They go off severally.]

SCENE III. *the Village.*

A Country Mop, or Statute, that is, a Sort of a Fair where Servants are hired; little Sheds with Toys, &c. among the Trees upon a Green; Maids and Men ranged on each Side to be hired. Two Gentlemen in Riding-Habits examining the Servants.

Enter Sir Nicholas and Lady Wiseacre.

Sir Nich. So, so! the Boys and the Girls have all ranged themselves here already, I see, in exact Order. Come, Wife, let us take a Turn thro' the Mop, and survey them; I think I shall have occasion for some new Domesticks, shortly; come along.

1 Gent. Are these Servants, say you? and to be hired?

2 Gent. Ay; once a Year they meet here in this manner. This must have an odd Appearance to People not used to this manner of taking Servants.

1 Gent. How sweet, how innocent, how fresh the Girls look!

2 Gent. Ay, if Coll. Vulture was here, he wou'd hire the whole Female Market for the Use of himself and his Friends.

1 Gent. What is thy Name, my Dear?

Suf. *Susan Holiday*, an' it please you.

1 Gent. And what is thy proper Business?

Suf. I milk the Kine, and manage the Dairy.

2 Gent. And what Wages dost thou demand?

Suf. If I serve you from *Martlemas* to *Martlemas*, I will have Fifty Shillings: Farmer *Turf* o' the *Lees* given as much last Year; and Sir *Nicholas* at the Hall-House never offers less.

1 *Gent.* But thou art too pretty, my Dear, to waste thy whole Life in milking Cows, and churning Butter; I cou'd find better Employment for you.

Sus. Ah! you jeer one now, so you do.

1 *Gent.* Will't thou go with me to London?

Sus. No indeed will I not.

1 *Gent.* Why so?

Sus. 'Cause you *Londoners* have gotten a Trick, as they sayn, of hiring Maids only to make them no Maids.

1 *Gent.* O fye!

Sus. And when you cannot have your wicked Wills by fair means, you beat them, and ravish them.

1 *Gent.* How!

Sus. Ay, and then turn 'em out of Doors, and sell 'em to wicked Old Women.

1 *Gent.* Oh terrible! you have been mis-informed.

2 *Gent.* Hum! what pretty Filly is this?

1 *Gent.* Are you to be Lett or Sold, my beautiful little Pad?

2 *Gent.* She has an excellent Forehand.

1 *Gent.* Very well let down, and treads firm on her Pasterns.

Maid. Let me go, will you; I will be neither Let nor Hired to you, so I won't. These are your Jockey Folks, *Susan*, they think they are hiring Horses.

2 *Gent.* Well, and what is thy Employment?

Maid. Look-ye, I will answer you no Questions, so I won't; if you stay till the Gut-Scrapers strike up, mayhap you may hear what we are, and what we can do.

1 *Gent.* These are a Parcel of brave lusty Fellows.

2 *Gent.* Ay, the Beef and Pudding of the Land, well matured.

1 *Gent.* Who is this half-starved Creature, with a Roll of Parchment in his Hand?

2 *Gent.* What art thou?

Stew. A Steward.

1 *Gent.* A Steward, and so thin and poor! he must be an honest Fellow.

2 *Gent.* He carries the visible Tokens of it about him.

1 *Gent.* I fancy, Friend, I cou'd recommend you to the Service of a very honest Gentleman, and one whose large Estate is the least of his Qualifications.

Stew. Has he a very large Estate?

2 *Gent.* There are not many greater; but then he is so punctual in his Accounts, so regular, his Oeconomy so exact and just

Stew.

Stew. I thank you, Sir; but I never do deal with these Sort of People. Regularity, Oeconomy, quotha! No, no, poor as I look, Sir, thin as I may seem to you, I have a small Pittance, about a Plumb and a Half, industriously collected by taking Land to Nurse, and casting up other People's Accounts.

1 Gent. Oh! are you that worthy Person? I have heard your Character; and how might you contrive to pick up this little Pittance?

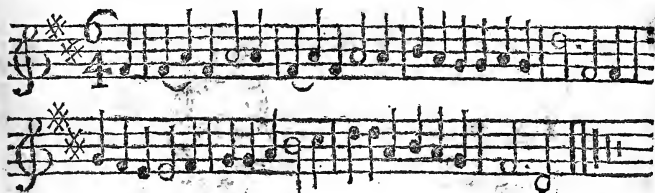
Stew. Why, Sir, when any Gentleman is uneasy in his Affairs, I take his Estate into my Possession; I allow him a Pension out of it; I rack his Tenants, cheat his Creditors, steal his Timber, starve his Servants, and keep him constantly in Debt to me with his own Money, which I lend him at about 20 *per Cent.* Discount: This keeps him humble; this makes him pliant and silent. And thus, Sir, as I said, I find my own Account in casting up other People's. The Liking you took to me, Gentlemen, you see, has open'd my Heart, thrown me into a frank Humour, and I have discover'd the Arts of my Profession to you.

1 Gent. You are a compleat Arithmetician.

Stew. Not much of that, Sir; all I do is by Addition and Substraction.

1 Gent. Heark, the Fiddles! — Let us attend this out-of-the-way Comfort.

AIR XVII. In our Country, &c.



Dairy-M. *I milk your Cows;*

House-M. - - - - - *I clean your House;*

Landry-M. *Your Linnen I wash, and I whiten;*

Husbandm. *I Plow, and I Mow;*

Hind. - - - - - *I Reap, and I Sow;*

Gard. *If your Garden you take Delight in,*

I Prune, and I Plant.

Chor. - - - - - *What Servant you want*

For your Field, or House, or Dairy;

If you chuse here, you need not fear,

That you'll ever, you'll ever miscarry.

Groom.

Groom. Behold a good Groom,

Cook. - - - - - And a Cook ruffian Sinner;

Groom. Your Horses I drefs;

Cook. - - - - - I your Dinner.

With Soups and Ragoufts your dead Palates I please,

And drive down your Throats the pleasing Disease.

Butler. Your Wine I Refine, and your Napkins I Pinch;

Coachm. I rattle, whip Cattle, and drive to an Inch.

AIR XVIII. An Old Woman Lame and Blind, &c.



Stew.

I am Paul Pillage,

I live in yon Village;

If you give me an Annual Fee,

With this little Scroll,

An Inchanting Rent-Roll,

I engage your good Steward to be.

Your Acres, and Purse,

I take me to Nurse,

While you from all Trouble are free;

'Till by dint of Accounts,

Your yearly Amounts

Shall all be transferr'd o'er to me, to me.

AIR XIX. The Abbot of Canterbury.



Chorus of all. { *Of all Servants here's Choice, pretty Maids, jolly Boys,
 Take, and use us, and prove, a whole Month for your Love,
 How much we deserve, and how well we can serve;
 We ne'er from our Faith, or our Duty will swerve.*



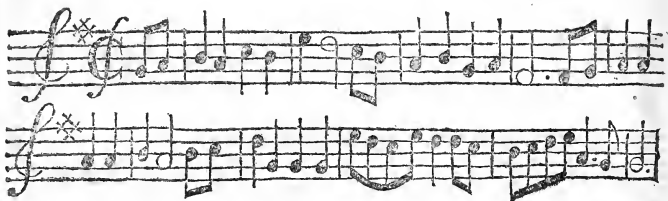
ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Road before the House.*

Brush alone.

SURELY I was not born to longe away my Hours in the
 lazy and low Roguery of a Footman; this enterprizing
 Spirit of mine wou'd have shone in high Life, it might have
 blaz'd in Publick, and shewn a Genius for general Plunder.
 My Qualifications lye dead for want of Opportunity to exert
 them: I am virtuous only for want of a laudable Temptation;
 for I feel, by certain Symptoms, that could I find a Prize worth
 seizing, my Brute wou'd take the Snaffle in his Teeth, and run
 full Speed away with me: But the Booty must be a good one;
 for I have observed, your small Felons only suffer, Vermin who
 Plunder to Eat.

AIR XX. Pinks and Lillies, &c.



*Would you be the Man in Fashion,
 And prove Wealthy, Safe, and Wise?
 Indulge each sordid Passion;
 Virtue, Learning, Fame despise:
 Be rapacious, florid, bold;
 Sell and barter all for Gold;
 Boldly seize the mighty Prize,
 And prove Wealthy, Safe, and Wise:
 Yet the triple Tree ne'er groan'd
 With an Hundred Thousand Pound.*

Enter File, meeting Brush.

*Brush. File! my Friend File! } [Embracing.]
 File. Brush! my Boy Brush! }*

Brush. My Dear, I have not seen thee so long, I really thought thou hadst taken a Voyage to the West-Indies, for the Good of the Publick.

File. You know I always sinned above Transportation; but I have escaped Morrising several times since I have had the Honour of seeing thee; and my last Road Adventure had like to have proved my last indeed.

Brush. How so, good Sir?

File. Why, I was trotting on as usual, in a pensive Humour, when I saw a good plain substantial-looking Man padding it along pretty near me; I rode up to him, with a Design only to satisfy my Curiosity, and enquire after a little News; among other Discourse I mention'd to him, and shew'd him a fine Pair of Pistols I was fond of, on the Sight of which he immediately pull'd out his Purse, and made me a Compliment of it. We parted in the politest manner; yet after this the Brute raised the Country upon me; ay, and the hard-mouth'd Dog swore Point-blank I robb'd him: Upon which I was equipp'd with a Stone Doublet, to which I was forced to use some Violence in the
Night-

ACT II. The *VILLAGE OPERA*:

25

Night-time, and take my Leave abruptly: Now this Adventure made me think a little.

Brush. You have not been so curious after News upon the Road since?

File. No, Faith, I have taken Service again: And are you once more, *Brush*, in the Party-colour'd Regiment of lazy Locusts too?

Brush. Ay, I am an honorary Rogue, like thee; but I serve a Master quite out of his Wits; a Projector, and in Love.

File. Then your Life may be a little irregular.

Brush. Whither are you bound?

File. To this House.

Brush. To Sir *Nicholas Wiseacre's*?

File. The same; his Daughter was this very Day to have been married to the Son of my very good Friend and Master Sir *William Freeman*.

Brush. Hah! you surprize me!

File. Why so?

Brush. Because I do young Mr. *Freeman* the Honour of attending his Person in the Quality of Valet; he is now in this House in the Disguise of a Gard'ner, in order to run away with *Rosella* at Twelve this Night, and I have provided a Coach for the Purpose.

File. Whom wou'd he run away with? the Woman he is to marry!

Brush. The very Woman.

File. Why, this is breaking into the House when the Doors are open: Explain.

Brush. My Master, you are to know, is a sort of a Knight-Errant, who undertakes other Peoples Affairs; and he steals the Lady not for Himself but his Friend, who is in love with her ——— or her Money. Well, but your Business here, *File*?

File. I come Plenipo' from Sir *William*, to pay my Compliments in his Name to Sir *Nicholas* and my Lady, and to let them know, the Bird had broke his Wires, and had taken Wing we knew not where; but since he is here, I shall return and take proper Measures. Adieu.

Brush. One Moment more, *File*; a Thought strikes me: Sir *Nicholas* never saw my young Master; this Match was huddled up by the Old Folk just as he return'd from his Travels.

File. They have never seen one another.

Brush. Then it will do; but after your last Road Adventure, I fear your Spirits are too much sunk for Business.

File. Not at all; he is a sorry Sailor who is frighted to Shore by one Storm. What! I must personate my Master, and carry off the Lady and the Fortune; is it not so?

Brush.

Brush. No, something near it; I have chosen a more agreeable Fellow for her.

File. Who?

Brush. My Self.

File. You're right.

Brush. I like *Rosella*.

File. You have my Consent.

Brush. I will touch her Fortune.

File. Extreemly well!

Brush. And before the Affair can be examined, brush.

File. Explain this Article a little.

Brush. Why so?

File. You talk of brushing with the Fortune, and not one Word of me in this Affair; we will correct the Plan a little here, if you please.

Brush. O dear, Sir, you must share, that is plain; it will appear in the Spirit of the Treaty.

File. Let it be understood in the Letter.

Brush. Well then, we brush together, and share the Rhino.

File. On this Condition I am your Croupier; 'tis a bold Stroke, I confess, but I find my Courage revives; I was born for great Affairs. Where shall we retire with the Cole?

Brush. To little *London*, the Wood of the World.

File. What kind of a Man is this Sir *Nicholas Wiseacre*?

Brush. A Citizen turn'd Gentleman; positive and pragmatikal; a little Genius.

File. And my Lady——

Brush. A vain old painted Piece of Household-stuff, to be guided any way by Flattery.

File. Enough! but where shall we get Cloaths?

Brush. I have my Master's very Wedding-Cloaths in my Custody, in the House where I lodge in this Village, and they fit me to a Hair.

File. Enough. I had it in my Power once to make my Fortune by Flattery; I was Porter at a great Gate; but I saw something so mean and unmanly in the Methods of rising, that way——

Brush. Servile! extreemly Servile! The Sight of a Levée wou'd surfeit a Man of Spirit or Genius.

AIR XXI. *Christ-Church Bells.*

See the cringing Coxcombs come, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

They bow, they scrape, there's none

Says his Soul's his own;

They all sneak sordidly, sordidly:

Supple, whisp'ring, flatt'ring Bevy,

Where not a Man speaks one Word true,

Or dares to speak without his Cue,

From some Fav'rite of the Levy.

Dingle dangle, dingle dangle wait they there,

Their Patron's Looks to scan;

And the Devil a Fop

Leaves this State Shop,

'Till he sees the mighty Man.

SCENE II. *the Garden.*

Enter Colin.

Let me examine my self———Wou'd I marry this Girl?
No. Wou'd I make a Mistress of her? No. Two Things
called

called Reason and Honour forbid them both. What do I then pursue? A Shadow: When I have her in my Possession, as I hope I shall soon, how am I to behave? My Blood rebels at the Question. There she is, and *Rosella* with her, on the Terrace—Oh my Heart! my Heart! how it dances at the Sight.

AIR XXII. Young *Jemmy* was a Lad, &c.



*Our Parent thus in Paradise
Beheld the Virgin fair,
And trembling with ecstatic Joys,
Confess'd his Heav'n was there:
Blooming Nature pour'd her Treasure,
Breathing round him ev'ry Sweet;
Yet 'till he possess'd this Treasure
All his Bliss was incomplete.*

As she was at work in the Pavilion one Day, my Friend *Shadewell* stole this Resemblance of her; here I will for ever wear it: tho' these dead Colours represent but ill the living Features, in her Absence they give me Joy. They come this way; where shall I conceal myself? yon Arbour is not yet darkned enough with the Leaves to hide me: I will throw my self on the Turf and pretend to sleep, perhaps I may have the good Fortune to overhear some of their Secrets; they say Women never open their Hearts but to one another.

[*Colin throws himself on the Turf as asleep.*

Rosella and Betty, coming forward.

Ros. Wou'd I cou'd sleep 'till Twelve at Night.

Betty.

Betty. Wou'd I cou'd sleep at all.

Ros. It is the Devil to have a Fellow always in one's Head and one's Heart.

Betty. But it wou'd be the Devil indeed, not to have a Fellow there at all.

Ros. *Heartwell* is positively one of the finest Gentlemen in *Europe*.

Betty. I am afraid my Spark never had Curiosity enough to ask my Name

Ros. Poor *Heartwell*! I warrant Time moves as heavily with him, as with me now.

Betty. There is somewhat in his Air and Mein which I feel, but cannot describe.

Ros. Oh! the most agreeable, well-natur'd, easy Thing —

Betty. Why, did you ever see him?

Ros. Who?

Betty. My Fellow.

Ros. No, but you know *Heartwell*. —

Betty. Lud! I, I, — my Head is so full of my Captain, I must call him: I will tell you, my dear Lady; when he squeez'd my Hand as he took me out of the Coach, it run cold from thence, trill, trill, trill, up to my very Heart, and here it is still. Oh La — let us talk of something else.

Ros. Lud! Lud! what can we talk of else? do we think of any thing else? — There is *Colin*, as I live! he seems asleep on the Turf, but I am afraid he has heard all.

Betty. No, I warrant he sleeps heartily after his Labour.

Ros. Hah! what is that tyed round his Wrist? a Bracelet! A Gard'ner with a Bracelet on his Arm!

Betty. No, 'tis a Picture; upon my Word, some Lady's Picture.

Ros. Will you venture to untye the Ribbon, and look on it?

Betty. O dear! I dare not do it.

Ros. I will attempt it, tho' he takes me in the Fact — — here it is.

Betty. Let us see the Face of the Lady.

Ros. As I live, your very Resemblance, *Betty*!

Betty. Hah!

[*Starting and Trembling*.

Ros. Your Eyes, your Hair, your Mouth, every Feature, the very Dress and Air.

Betty. Oh Dear! support me, good Madam — I am so Sick!

Ros. Courage, Girl, Courage! This is a Discovery indeed! I do not wonder now that you trembled at the Sight of *Colin*; this shews that he wears your Image in his Heart, *Betty*.

Betty.

Betty. O Lud! my Head is giddy; my Heart thumps at my Breast: I wish he wou'd awake.

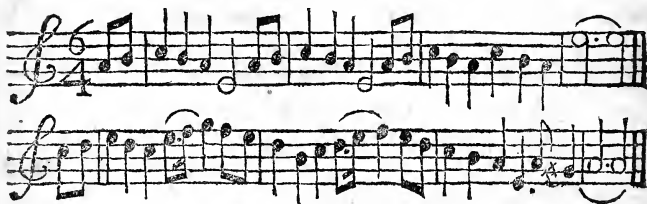
AIR XXIII. Young *Damon*, once the happiest Swain, &c.

[By *Colin*, *starting as from Sleep*, and *addressing Betty*.]



Thus at the cheerful Dawn of Day,
The drowsy Swain salutes the Ray,
That makes all Nature grow;
You, more enliv'ning than the Sun,
Cheer not the Plants and Flow'rs alone,
But ev'n the Gard'ner too.

AIR XXIV. When the bright God of Day, &c.



Betty. Shou'd I shine, as you say,
Like the Sun's chearing Ray,
How long will my Influence last?
For you see the fair Flower,
Which he opens this Hour,
Shuts again, when his Power is past.

Col. Oh my Charmer! you see what Shapes Love makes us put on.

Betty. I cannot imagine what you mean!

Col. You may remember my Face; my Voice, sure, cannot be quite a Stranger: Since that Morning I set you down at this Gate, your beautiful Image only has fill'd my Mind; what an Impression it made upon me, let this Transformation witness.

AIR XXV. *Bonny Jean.*



Ros. In a misty Morning the Shepherds gaze,
 When the ruddy Sun in the Welkin is seen;
 The Vapours now rising, the Meadows o'er-pass,
 And swiftly scud o'er the sweet dewy Green.
 So when the fond Lover his fair One espies,
 The Clouds that obscur'd him are suddenly gone;
 And now we behold, with Delight and Surprise,
 Young Colin the Lover, not Colin the Clown!

Ros. But what do you propose by this?

Col. To Admire, to Serve, to Love, to make it the whole Business of my Life to Adore—

[Throws himself at Betty's Feet.

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nich. Hey-day! what, worshipping of Graven Images, Colin? Why, Sir, methinks it wou'd become you much better to think of planting Cabbages than Men. What wou'd you do

do with a Wife, Goodman *Delver*? The Wench is handsome, that is true; but don't you know that a Honey-pot draws all the Wasps in the Garden after it?

AIR XXVI.



*Wanton Boy,
Pr'ythee leave this Toy;
With thy Spade, mind the delving Trade,
Quit silly Sporting,
And idle Courting,
You'll nothing gain by this slipp'ry Maid.*

Why are not you at your Business, *Colin*?

Col. Sir, I was only showing my young Lady where I cou'd make a very elegant Parterre, in the room of the Kitchen Garden.

Sir Nich. An elegant Parterre in the room of my Kitchen Garden, Puppy! and so I am to have Tulips in my Soop, hah!

Col. No, Sir; there is a Piece of waste Ground——

Sir Nich. I think a Parterre is a Piece of waste Ground: Don't you know, Dolt, that my Kitchen Garden furnishes me with many useful Materials for the Mouth. —— I must part with this Wench, she has bewitch'd all the Parish; every Tree in my Park has a Sonnet in Praise of her fix'd upon it, and her Name is graven by your Bone and Buck-handle Knives on every Bark; and those who cannot write, set their Marks there; so that my Trees are like to be stripp'd stark naked by these Lovers in Dowlas. When I ask them a Question, they answer me in a Sigh, or a Love-Song. Go, Sir, get you in, and see what is wanting for the Kitchen out of my Kitchen Garden, and don't think of making True-Lovers-Knots in a Parterre, you Simpleton! Ha! ha! [*Exit Colin.*] Well, Forsooth, and how stands your Stomach towards Matrimony, I pray? I will have you obey me, and only me; I know what is fit for you.

AIR XXVII. O Nymph of Race Divine, &c.



Ros. *Your Years, dear Sir, compute;
 Your Joys are long since fled;
 Youth ill with Age can suit:
 Since you are Old,
 Must I be cold,
 And to all Pleasure dead?*

*Love chain'd, does Force oppose,
 Imprison'd, stronger grows:
 So Powder closely pent,
 When fir'd, will find a Vent,
 Like Lightning strikes and glows,
 And Tow'rs and Rocks o'erthrows. Da Capo.*

Sir Nich. And so, Housewife, you will not obey me?

Ros. Yes, Sir. Since you have banish'd him your House—

Sir Nich. You have banish'd him your Heart—you lye, Housewife, you lye: This Husband, I think, will help us to set things to rights, or else you will set things to rights without his Help;—how demure, and how prim the looks!—Get you in—I am sure you have Mischief in your Head, by your Looks. [*Exit Ros.*] And go, you Mrs. Loadstone, go look after your Jellies and your whipt Creams, and do not loiter away your Time, tickling your Vanity with every Fop of a Lover in Hob-nails.

Betty. Why, Sir, you are not too old to be in Love; you are of a hail sanguine Constitution; and I know by your Eyes, *Cupid* now and then tickles you with the Tip of his Wing about your Heart. O, if the little blind God shou'd way-lay you once again, as he certainly wou'd, if you did but attend a little to his Harmony.

AIR XXVIII. Flocks are sporting, &c.



*Cupid is a wanton Boy,
Wounds the Eye, the Heart, the Ear,
Giving Pleasure without measure,
When he strikes th' attentive Dear.
Tho' grown Aged, yet your Sage Head
May the blind Boy's Arrow fear.*

Sir Nich. Go, go, you are a wanton Housewife: This Wench has a bewitching Lear, I profess. [Exit Betty.]

Enter File to Sir Nicholas, bowing ridiculously low.

File. Sir, I am your most obedient, faithful, humble and devoted Servant.

Sir Nich. Well, Sir, and what then?

File. Why then, Sir, I come to give you Joy.

Sir Nich. Joy! of what, Sir?

File. Of your Son-in-Law, that is to be; he is coming to come, Sir, and has sent me before, Sir, as his Legate, or Embassador, or Plenipo, or Minister, or Messenger, or Servant, or by what other Denomination you will please to receive me, Sir.

Sir Nich.

Sir Nich. This Fellow is a great Puppy. [*Aside.*] Take what Title you please, but tell me your Business without Circumlocution.

File. Why then, Sir, in a Word; my young Master, Squire *Freeman*, is coming to marry your Daughter, and to consummate, and all that; and has sent me before, to tell you so, Sir.

Sir Nich. Why, you are welcome, and I will make you very drunk for your good News: But where is your Master's Father, my good Friend Sir *William*? I expected him too.

File. Ah, Sir! a rascally Companion, called the Gout, has laid hold on his great Toe, and prevented his being so happy as he wished and proposed to be at this Wedding; but he has sent you by me, Sir *Nicholas*, a little Epistolary Certificate.

[*Gives him a Letter.*]

Sir Nich. It is horribly scrawled; I am hardly able to read it.

File. Poor Gentleman! his Hand shook so; he is in great Pain, indeed.

Sir Nich. [*Reading.*]

Sir *Nicholas*,

I have kept my Word, and sent my Boy to perform his Part of the Contract. I desire this Wedding may be to-day, without waiting till my Health will enable me to take Share in the Joy.

Yours,

W. FREEMAN.

Well, well, why it shall be to-day; it shall be immediately; the Parson and the rest of the Materials are in the House. But you know we must wait 'till he comes. If he answers the Character I have had of him, he is a very accomplish'd young Fellow.

File. Accomplish'd! why, Sir, he was Master of all his Exercises before he was Fourteen. In *France*, the Women were all in Love; in *Italy*, they were all Jealous; in *Portugal* and *Spain*, he has been shot at ten times in a Morning; and the Ladies of *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Holland*, and the *Low-Countries*, followed him so — Lord! Lord! how we were plagued with them.

Sir Nich. Whe, what, was he then such a devilish whoring Fellow?

File. No, not for that, but I will tell you.

AIR XXIX. To Horse, to Newmarket, &c.



*All the Women who saw him were fond of the Squire,
He was Love's Remedy, he their Desire;
In Venice, in Turkey, in Paris, and Rome,
He was the Nosegay, the pleasing Perfume.*

Sir, you remember Sir *William's* Desire is, that this Affair may be compleated immediately.

Sir Nich. It is very true; we will lose no Time: Come, come in and refresh your self, and I will take care that every thing shall be ready forthwith. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Colin and Dolly.

Dol. Colin! Colin!

Col. What now, *Dolly*?

Dol. The Bridegroom is come.

Col. What Bridegroom?

Dol. Why, *Squire Freeman*, he who is to marry our young Lady, *Madam Rosella*.

Col. *Freeman*!

Dol. Ay, and he is the most clumsy, aukward, ill-bred Howlet I ever saw.

Col. What can this mean? Who can this be? What Imposture? I am frightened! [*Aside.*

Dol. He is in the Hall now; and prates as fast, and looks as bold; he chuck'd me under the Chin, and call'd me very familiarly, *Blonsabella* — His Cloaths, tho' they are all so bedaubed with Lace, hang about 'em like Wool on a Hawthorn-Hedge.

Col.

Col. I must found the Bottom of this Affair.

[*Aside.*

Dol. Colin! why do you mope thus? Ah, this Mrs. *Betty* does so run in thy Head, I warrant.

Col. I must lose no Time.

Dol. Nay, nay, she is not so handsome neither; she has a sort of a bridling flippancy Air; she looks like a Mademoiselle, I think. *Nel* told me one Side of her Stays was actually padded.

Col. No, my dear *Dolly*, she is as strait as the Bole of that Lime-tree.

Dol. I do not say her Hair is red, but if she liked the Colour of it, she need not throw so much Powder into it.

Col. Her Hair is a clean bright Brown; I have seen her without Powder.

Dol. Her Eyes glare and flash frightfully.

Col. Guilty, guilty; Criminals, harden'd Criminals!

Dol. Well, I myself actually found a Patch-box in her Room, and *Suky Nettle* says she is painted.

Col. By the Hand that colour'd those Lillies and Roses.

Dol. Umph! she is your Favourite, I know that.

Col. *Dolly*, let thee and I leave it to our Superiors, the fine Gentlemen and Ladies of *London*, to fly-blow Reputations; tell me in honest Truth, what has *Betty* done to thee?

Dol. I hate her.

Col. Why?

Dol. Ah *Colin!* *Colin!* well, I am rightly served; I forsook *Roger* and *Richard* for a barbarous Man.

Col. What Man?

Dol. As if you did not know. I am not able to take heed to my Business. I mind not ever and anon to milk the Kine; the Cream sours for want of Use, while my Butter lyes half wrought in the Churn, and the Cheese is unpressed. I do not Eat or Sleep, and never Think, but of One: Shall I say who?

AIR XXX. 'Twas within a Furlong, &c.



*Now the Bloom of the Spring breathes its Sweetness around,
And all things else in Nature are amorous found;*

*Will my faithless Colin stray,
From his Dolly quite away?*

Stay a little,

Dear, and prattle;

Love's the Month of May!

Coy Youth, I pr'ythee be thou not afraid

Of the Maid who loves thee, and courts thee thus to Wed,

Let me not court in vain,

In vain your Favour sue,

You ne'er will find

A Girl so kind,

So bonny, blithe, and true!

Col. Dear *Dolly*! it is impossible to answer thee; let thy Blushes mix with mine, and hide each other's Weakness; it is not in my Nature to be ungrateful. Step into the House and observe how this Affair of the Wedding goes on, and let me know immediately, and you will much oblige me. [*Ex. Dolly.*] What an uneasy Situation am I in? All my Project is like to blow up at once; and every dear Hope in view, is upon the Point of being utterly lost.

AIR XXXI. The Sun was sunk beneath, &c.



*The Merchant o'er Arabia's Sand
His purchas'd Traffick homeward bears,
When sudden a remorseless Band
Nor Life, nor Treasure, spares:
Cruel Spoiler, hence remove,
Take all the World, but spare my Love.* [Exit.

SCENE III. *the Hall of Sir Nicholas's House.*

*Enter Sir Nicholas, Lady Wiseacre, Rosella, Betty,
and Roger.*

Rog. The young Squire is come, an't like your Honour.

Sir Nich. And where is he?

Rog. I dant know, Sir; he was in the Hall, but he is gone forth again; I think I saw him gaping on the Pigeon-House, just now.

Sir Nich. Wait on him in, Sirrah, and handsomely.

Rog. Here he is, an like your Honour, in Parson.

Enter Brush and File.

Brush. *File!* is not that Sir Nicholas Wiseacre, my illustrious Father-in-Law, that is to be?

File. Ay, Sir, the very fame, in *Puris Naturalibus*.

Sir Nich. You are welcome, my Son-in-Law, you are heartily welcome. [Embracing.

La. Wife. He is really a well-shap'd Man; don't you think so, *Rosella*?

Ros. If I am to speak Truth, No.

La. Wife. Why, as you say, he is a little thick in the Shoulders.

Brush. Dear *Sir Nicholas*! my Joy is so overflowing on this extraordinary Occasion, that you will give me leave to tell you, I am not able to tell you: I suppose, *Sir*, this is the Lady [To *Lady Wiseacre*.] to whom my happy Stars have allotted me.

Sir Nich. No, Son-in-Law, no, no, that is my Wife; this is my Daughter *Rosella*.

Brush. Upon my Soul, a beautiful Race! I cou'd wish for nothing more in this World, than to have just such a Wife and such a Daughter. What Health! What Complexion! I know not how it is, but the Ladies in the Country maintain their Beauty half a Century longer than they do in *London*.

AIR XXXII. Dear Catholick Brother, &c.



*An ever-green Beauty the Country does crown,
And blooming it smiles still in every Face,
While like Flow'rs in a Chimney, the fair Ones in Town
Soon wither, and take the dark Hue of the Place.*

La. Wife. Very Gallant! this young Gentleman has a great deal of Wit.

Betty. He discovers a fine Taste, indeed.

Brush. What an Air, a Grace, a Mein! let me perish, my Lady, but you are the finest Woman I ever beheld. My Father has told me a thousand times; *Billy*, said he, mind what I say to you; you will find *Lady Wiseacre*, tho' a Country Lady, the

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the most desirable Brilliant you ever saw; she is buried in a Rustick Life; a Diamond in the Mine.

La. Wife. Oh Fye! Sir; dear Sir, Fye!

Brush. How often have I heard my old Gentleman sigh, and with Lady *Wiseacre* were a Widow!

La. Wife. I am obliged to you, extremely obliged to you: I was once something; I made some little Bustle once in the World of Beauty; but now these Eyes have lost their Fire.

AIR XXXIII. I mun smug up on *Tuesday*, &c.



Oh Fye! Sir, all my Blushes rise;

To giddy Girls these Speeches make.

Tho' once, I vow, these very Eyes

Made many a Lord and Knight to quake.

But free from Wrinkles still I am,

Nor will my Limbs in Dancing fail;

Nor do I seek the Aid of Dram,

To raise my Colour when too pale.

Sir Nich. I have an infinite Respect for your Father, and I am seriously concern'd that it was not in his Power to be with us.

Brush. It is a great Mortification to him too: I am sure he flatter'd himself with the Happiness of dancing a Bourée with my Lady.

File. [Aside.] Oons! he will prate for ever. [*To Brush.*] Sir *William* begg'd, you know, Sir, that this Matter might be consummated immediately, for he is most furiously impatient to see his Daughter-in-Law at his House.

Sir Nich. With all my Heart! I will just count the Bills in to your Hand; the Girl's Fortune must be paid, you know; and then let the Parson tie the Knot as soon as you will.

Brush.

Brush. Right, Sir; very Right ——— You will permit me, Sir, to give a small Commission to my Man: *File!* give my Duty to my Lord Duke—[*Low, and aside to File.*] Run to the Village, send for Post-Horses; let them wait in Readiness ——— You understand me! [*Aloud.*] and tell his Grace I am his most Obedient Servant.

File. I flye, Sir.

[*Exit File.*]

La. Wife. Son-in-Law, give me leave to shew you in; you will find we have made some small Preparations for this happy Hour.

Brush. Madam.

[*Leads off La. Wife.*]

La. Wife. Rosella! I am sure you have nothing to complain of in this Match.

[*Ex. Sir Nich. Lady, and Brush.*]

Betty. So, Madam! what are you upon?

Ros. Ruin.

A I R XXXIV. A French Tune.



*My Father fain wou'd wed me to a Country Squire a,
But I a Country Looby can't for my Bed desire a,*

—— No.

*But I a Country Looby can't for my Bed desire a,
How shou'd his aukward Airs my Bosom ever fire a?*

—— No.

*How shou'd his aukward Airs my Bosom ever fire a?
While Heartwell's soft Address may gentle Love inspire a,*

—— Oh!

*While Heartwell's soft Address may gentle Love inspire a,
And from the yielding Maid, obtain what he'll desire a.*

—— Oh!

Betty. You will not marry this Baboon?

Ros. Hum, hum, hum — No!

[*Singing.*]

Betty. How will you avoid it? You know, Sir *Nicholas* is absolute and obstinate.

Ros.

Ros. What then?

Betty. He will join your Hands, tho' you are in a Convulsion Fit.

Ros. Then we must walk off immediately.

Betty. Whither?

Ros. Any whither; we will hide our selves 'till Midnight.

Betty. We shall be taken in half an Hour and lock'd up in the Blue Garret; you know he has often threaten'd it.

Ros. I will tell him I am marry'd already.

Betty. He will lock you up for all that, 'till he enquires into the Affair.

Ros. What can one do? Thou frightest me to Death.

Betty. Have a Moment's Patience! You rejoic'd but now in Sun-shine; this is but a Summer-Shower, and will blow over. Collect your self; I warrant we will immediately contrive somewhat to save you; let the Storm waste it self a little.

AIR XXXV. He's Lord of all the Clan, &c.



*Thus have I seen the Peacock spread
His Colours, in the level Mead,
Opposing to the Day;
But when fierce Show'rs of Summer Rain,
Descending, darken all the Plain,
And fright the silly Swain,
The gawdy Bird shuts in his Plume,
His shining Feathers does resume,
And homeward hies away.*

Ros.

Rof. But tell me, tell me, what Stratagem? what Contrivance?

Betty. You know we have a Gentleman in our Service now;
Mr. Colin.

Rof. It is true; will he assist us?

Betty. Or he is no true Knight-Errant; and I am sure by his being in that Habit, that there is Blood in him. This Transformation is a more agreeable One to me, than any in *Gartb's Ovid*.

Rof. Come then, follow me into the Garden, and let us try what is to be done: What think you now if——

[*They talk while the Symphony plays, and turn when Colin sings.*]

Enter Colin.

AIR XXXVI.



*Hither turn thee, hither turn thee, hither turn thee, gentle Maid:
Why of Colin, why of Colin, why of Colin thus afraid?*

AIR XXXVII. *Wully and Georgy now beath are gean, &c.*



Betty. From Spray to Spray,
A Linnet I stray,
While Philomel's tuning her Sorrow;
Her warbling Breast,
With Thorns opprest,
From Musick no Relief can borrow.

Love's

*Love's a Fairy Toy,
Deluding still with Joy;
But the Maid, when marry'd, soon will find
The Spouse the Lover will destroy,
And Promises are made of Wind.*

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nich. Why, here is nothing in the World in this House but Caterwauling, from Morning to Night : You, Mrs *Minx*, come, come in, and let me deliver up my Trust ; by my Troth, I am heartily weary of it — Go, get you in before me — go. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *the Green before Sir Nicholas's House.*

Enter Hobinol, Margery, Roger, Nel, Cloddy, Doll, Ralph, Colin, Lucas.

Luc. So, my brave Boys and Girls! this Day must be all spent in Mirth. A Wedding, and a Sheep-shearing too! every Man in the Parish who is not Drunk or in Love to-day, deserves to be marked for a suspicious Person ; and I am sure the good People here are as well inclined to pretty Girls and strong Beer, as any Parish in the County.

Marg. Hobby, the Parson is ready.

[To Hobbinol, in a melancholy Tone and Air.

Hob. Well, and what then, *Peg*?

Marg. Will you not keep your Vows, and marry me?

Hob. Ay! I'll keep my Vows, an my Vows wou'd keep my Bearn, *Peggy*; but a rash Oath, they say, is better broken than kept.

Marg. Monster!

Hob. As you sayn, an I take bad Counsel, no one knows what may hap.

Marg. You will prove your self an honest Man?

Hob. I am not so conceited, look'ee, to desire to be thought an honest Man than my Neighbours; I do no care to be quite out of the Fashion, d'ye see.

Marg. And so you will not marry me?

Hob. I know a Trick worth two o' that.

AIR XXXVIII. Pudding and Pies.



*A Wench, when in Love, is the strangest Thing under the Skies;
Come love me, sweet Hobby, come love me much more, she cries:
Our Love to improve, we marry; and then you may guess
Whether Love when 'tis marry'd is like to grow more or grow less:*

Marg. I foresee thy Cruelty will be the Death of me— You will break my Heart.

Hob. Nea, nea, a Woman's Heart is not made of like brittle Ware.

Marg. Ah! what is thy Heart made of, false Man! When I am laid in my cold Grave perhaps it may relent, perhaps thou may'st pity me, and remember how Peggy lov'd thee.

AIR XXXIX. Margaret's Ghost.



*Then, when my bleeding Heart shall break,
And I am laid full low,
Thy Tongue one tender Word may speak,
In Pity to my Woe.*

*The Virgins shall attend my Bier,
The Sexton toll my Knell,
And as they drop a friendly Tear
Thy Heart a Pang may feel.*

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High o'er my Grave a flow'ry Crown

Shall like my Beauty fade;

An Emblem how, by Hobby's Frown,

My Life and Bloom decay'd.

Hob. Ho, ho, ho! you think now this sad Ditty will thaw one; I'cod I know your Tricks well enough; you have sung this to many a Woodcock before me, I warrant; I will not be caught in this Springe, *Peggy*.

Marg. Thou art a Piece of cold Clay, not to be enliven'd by any Manure.

Hob. Thou art an *April Day*, one must neither trust thy Sunshine, nor thy Rain.

Marg. And canst thou believe, Bumkin, that I ever loved thee?

Hob. Humph! — now it comes out.

Marg. No, no, I only try'd if my Charms had Power to warm a Rock like thee; they have fail'd, and I am not sorry for't; but cou'dst thou fancy I cou'd marry such a Lubber? No; do not imagine I wou'd tye my self to a Log; no: Tho' to spite that tawdry Minx, *Mrs. Betty*, I would hurt my self a little, do not think I could love a Pig; no. I despise, I scorn, detest thee, and that from my Heart, from the bottom of my Heart, Booby.

AIR XL. *Muirland Willy.*



*Thou foolish Bumpkin, tell me now,
Did you then think my Heart your own?
Go, yoke your Brethren to the Plough,
Fit Business for a Clown:
Go turn the Clods, you base-bred Elf,
Clods less senseless than thy self.*

*I ever scorn'd your awkward Suit,
 Yet wish'd your Heart had been my Prize;
 Thus, thro' Vanity, the Brute
 We court, whom we despise:
 'Tis not the Man we Women seek,
 But a Rival's Pride to pique.*

Luc. Come, come, leave this Bickering, and let us have some Merriment. O here comes the Queen of May!

Enter Betty.

Betty. So, so! this Wedding, it is to be hoped, will stir the Blood: Come, let us be as jocund and well-humour'd as if we had all agreed to be double to-day as well as my young Lady.

Clod. [*Aside to Betty.*] Mrs. *Betty*! how well you met me in the Copse, last Night, to hear the Nightingale sing! Ah, cruel, false Girl!

Betty. *Hobinol* watch'd me; it was quite impossible; we shall have another Opportunity.

Col. Oh! the little stinging Coquette! what a Twitch she gives me? [*Aside.*]

Hob. [*Aside to Betty.*] You are a fine One, to make one stay for you so at the *Grainge* last Night! — there is no Truth in Woman.

Betty. I cou'd not stir for *Cloddy*; we shall have another Appointment, soon.

Hob. I mun tell ye, Mrs. *Betty*, you are a Furze-bush, a mere Faggot of Thorns; there is no touching you without smarting for it.

Rog. Ah, Mrs. *Betty*!

Luc. How the Hinds all gape at the Wench, as if there was no other of her Sex in Being.

AIR XLI.

[Hobinol, addressing Betty.]



*A Faggot, Thou, of pointed Thorn,
Arm'd around with sharpest Scorn;
Sour is the Wilding of the Wood;
And the rough Sloe's unpleasing Food:
Yet thy Disdain is harder far,
Than roughest Sloe's or Wildings are.*

AIR XLII. See, fee, my Seraphina, &c.



*Col. The Peach looks fresh, with Velvet Skin;
Thy ruddy Sweetness tempts our Eye;
Hard as is the Stone within,
Thy relentless Heart doth lye.*

AIR XLIII. An Irish Tune.



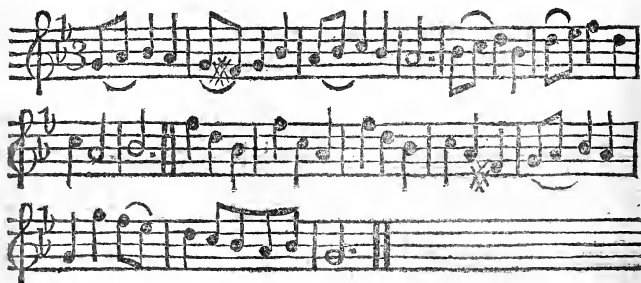
*Clod. The Rock, with constant dropping wears,
And the Sun melts the frozen Flood;
Thou art not to be mov'd with Tears,
Nor will Love thaw thy colder Blood.*

AIR XLIV. Under the Greenwood Tree.



Betty. You may Love, and you may Rail,
 I may Take, or Refuse;
 What shall I do to please you All,
 Since but One I can chuse?
 If I must wait
 Your begging State,
 Put in brighter Forms your Pray'rs;
 A dirty Clown
 Will ne'er go down,
 I'm charm'd with gentler Airs.

AIR XLV. Minuet, by Mr. Fairbank.



Col. Softer than the Breath of May,
 Sweeter than the new-mown Hay;
 Blooming Beauty, fair and coy,
 Delightful, and delighting Joy.

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AIR XLVI. Near *Woodstock* Town in *Oxfordshire*..



Hob. *Let Ralph in Beer his Pleasure take;
And Will be cudgell'd at the Wake;
Brisk George shall throw the weighty Bar,
Or conquer in the Prize-Ball War;
Let Tim, in Wrestling, bear the Bell;
And Dick make Susan's Nose to swell;
Thou my only Pastime be,
I will have no Joy but thee.*

[Second Part of the Tune repeated.]

Clod. *No Pain, or Pleasure, sure can prove
So bitter, or so sweet as Love;
Since the piercing Pain I know,
Let me taste the Pleasure too.*

Betty. *Faithless Man is all Deceit,
Every Man in Love's a Cheat;
Away, to Kate, or Nancy fair;
Or lively Fanny, Queen of May;
Or Peg, or Susan Holiday;
These my boasted Rivals are.*

Col. *When these thy boasted Rivals are,
The jolly Day shall yield to Night;
The Bramble with the Rose compare,
And Thistles vye with Lillies white.*

Marg. Look'ee, Mrs. Betty, don't think I can, or will, or ought to bear it.

Nel. I cannot tell what sort of an Opinion you may have of your self——

Marg. No, but I have known a Slut lose her Eyes for half this Provocation.

Betty. It grows troublesome; I will play with your Fellows Hearts no longer; a little Patience will convince you I do not design to wrong any of you: I have no Right but to one Man,

and on one only I have fixed my Heart, my Fellow-Servant too, to him I have silently vow'd eternal Fidelity, and I shall be obliged soon to declare publickly in his Favour. I know, and feel, as well as she who is most hurt among you, what the Pain of disappointed Love is; Love has stolen unawares into my Heart, and made strange Havock there.

AIR XLVII. How blest are Shepherds, &c.



*Love like the sly Thief is unseen when he enters,
And lyes conceal'd with his murderous Arms,
Nor ever on Projects of Robbery ventures,
'Till all is secure from the Fear of Alarms:
So when on my Lover too fondly I'm gazing,
He artfully steals himself into my Breast;
And while, to defend me, my Reason I'm raising,
At once he both robs me of Freedom and Rest.*

Hob. Well, at last the dear Girl will be true.

Glod. After all then, I need not despair, I see plain.

Rog. You! Um — You will wear the Willow, I warrant!

Luc. What, will you while away the whole Morning here, in your silly Quarrels? Our Neighbours expect us yonder in the Meadow by the Brook; the Sheep will Soil again before they are sheared; let us go down and practise the Sheep-shearing Dance, and the Song, that we may be ready anon; for Sir Nicholas says, when the Wedding is over, we must all come back to the Hall-House, where they will be so Good-natur'd as to take part in our Mirth. [Exeunt

Betty. I desire to see you in the Garden as soon as possible.

[Aside to Colin, as they are going off.

Col. Enough.

[Exeunt.

ACT



A C T III. S C E N E I.

 S C E N E *the Garden.*

Colin alone.

MY Heart is wild with Joy — An Appointment!
and from Her! without whom every Delight in Life
is a deluding Dream: An Age hangs on every Mo-
ment 'till she comes. If she had taken amiss the Dis-
covery I made of my self, sure she wou'd not have favour'd
me with this Encouragement. Something, too, she said a-
mong the Clowns that seem'd to flatter my Vanity. — Yet
amidst this Rapture of my Hope, I forget the Impostor who
has abused my Name. All Things yield, and are thrown out
of my Reflection, but this one Passion, and — She comes!
—— what Vassal ever beheld his Sovereign with such Awe?
What Worshipper his Idol!

Enter Betty.

AIR XLVIII. *Blithe Jockey, young and gay.*



*The Rising Sun dispels
The sullen Cloud of Night,
He Nature's Face reveals,
Dispensing chearful Light,*

Like

*Like the warm God of Day,
Preserve the Life you give;
Inform'd by your bright Ray,
Let Colin Love and Live.*

Betty. I come to you, *Colin*, (that Name you will please to let me use, 'till you give your real One) I come to you, now, as a Suppliant, not an Idol. Give me leave to say, Flattery is a Quail-pipe that only imitates the Voice of the poor Bird's Mate, to inflame and destroy her.

AIR XLIX. Monfr. *Denoyer's* Minuet.



*Deluded by her Mate's dear Voice,
The wanton Bird pursues her Joys,
'Till now, alas! and now too late
She finds her Fault, and meets her Fate;
Intangled in the fatal Clue,
Bids Love and Life at once Adieu.*

It is dangerous, very dangerous heark'ning to the Voice of a Man; your Sex are all Deceit.

Col. Was you ever betray'd by a Man?

Betty. I never trusted one.

Col. Shall I recommend a Man I think you might trust?

Betty. Will you be his Surety?

Col. You shall have my Personal Security; take me into your Custody —

Betty. For Life! — Um, how it flicks! the Word Parson cou'd hardly fright you more.

Col. What cou'd he do?

Betty. Marry you.

Col. That does, sometimes, terminate the Prospect.

Betty. And how dull must that be to one who loves Liberty?

Col.

ACT III. The *VILLAGE* OPERA. 55

Col. I am Romantick, you see, by this Habit, and this Place.

Betty. Not at all; you are in Character; this is the Hunt in Fashion; you have spread your Toils, if I strike into them I am undone; whether you succeed or no, you have the Pleasure of the Chace.

Col. My Designs are what may become a Man of Honour.

Betty. A Modern one.

Col. I love you more than —

Betty. You do Truth at this time: Come, I know how far you love me; I see the hourly Spoils of ruin'd Beauty; dishonour'd Virgins mourn your mighty Triumphs; Variety, with you, makes the Feast, and points the palled Appetite; and Constancy, Truth, and Honour, are Words, mere Words, Man, the common Cant of Idle Fellows, who carry on a Profession.

Col. By all the Rapture that my Heart now feels; by the Joy I receive in every Word you utter; by the Pleasure I have in beholding that delightful Harmony of Limbs and Features — I wou'd — I cou'd be for ever true —

Betty. What you! who have, I warrant, travers'd the gay wanton World, consulted every Joy, and only Joy; Truth, and Love, are strange Words at this time of the Day!

Col. My only dear Desire! with thee I wish to fix and terminate my utmost Hope and Joy.

AIR L. All in the Downs, by Mr. Leveridge.



*Thro' Gardens roves the busie Bee
And every Flower he tastes, and tries;
'Till cloy'd with sweet Variety,
The little Labourer homeward flies;*

*Unlike to him, from one I'd seek my Joy,
And fix upon thy Sweets that never cloy.*

Betty. Your Words sound prettily, but are no more to be confided in, than the Air of which they are compos'd; the next pretty Thing that strikes your Imagination, breaks again this Idea, now so lovely in your Eyes.

AIR LI. As *Cloris* full of harmless, &c.



*Thus we behold the wat'ry Bow
A Thousand Colours wear,
While the next wanton Gales that blow
Dissolve the painted Air.*

Your Actions, then, must prove your Words; if you Inlist in my Service, I have Employment for you, and this Moment too.

Col. Your Commands——

Betty. *Rosella* is about to be marry'd against her Consent; you are a Knight-Errant.

Col. I will redeem her from the Monster.

Betty. By Art, Fraud, Bribe, Force, Stratagem——

Col. The Husband is come?

Betty. Yes.

Col. His Name?

Betty. *Freeman*, they call him; such a Thing! poor *Rosella*!

Col. I will prevent this Affair, and immediately.

Betty. Which way?

Col. I will produce the very Gentleman who shou'd marry her.

Betty. Who? *Freeman*? why, he is here.

Col. The Fellow who is here is an Impostor; I will send for *Freeman* himself: I think he is now in this Village.

Betty. Hah!

Col. Why do you start?

Betty. This will not do, neither.

Col. Why so?

Betty.

Betty. Because, because, it is a Secret: But you must know it; my Lady is engaged elsewhere; she has bestowed herself upon——

Col. Mr. *Heartwell*, I know it.

Betty. You fright me sadly! How are you in every Secret?

Col. I have no Time to explain; keep this Wedding off but half an Hour, and all shall be safe, *Rosella* shall be happy; and if my Services have any Weight with you, I shall be happy too.

Betty. 'Tis true; but what you do, I beg you will do instantly.

AIR LII. Make ready, fair Lady, to-night, &c.



Col. *The Sultan's Command is Death,*

If he's not obey'd in a Breath;

But Your's, my Love,

Is the Sultan's above,

'Tis my Life, and my Love, and my Faith. [Ex. Col.

Betty. Things look to me as if they mov'd by Inchantment here; *Colin* knows every thing, undertakes every thing, can do every thing; with me, at least. How shou'd he find out this Affair between my young Lady and *Heartwell*? He affirms, and undertakes to prove it too, that this same Squire is an Impostor. Why, was he not expected? Is he not come on the very Day? Ay, and he seems to me to be as good and natural a Country Squire as ever I saw—I believe *Colin*, this Gard'ner, this Gentleman, this Lover, is—I hope he is no Impostor; he loves me truly—he must—my Heart will have it so; his elegant Behaviour! his decent Manners! there is so much of the Gentleman in every thing he says or does!

AIR LIII. The Jewel in the Tower.



*Oh, my Heart! my doating Heart,
By foolish fond Desire betray'd,
Takes the vain Deceiver's Part,
And gives the Foe, its Rebel Aid.
In Doubt I live; distracting Pain,
And Fear, and Hope, divide my Breast;
Now, what I wish, unwish again,
Nor with him, nor without him, blest.*

Enter Sir Nicholas.

Sir Nich. So, Betty, so, the Parson is ready; where is Madam? Hum!

Betty. In her Chamber, Sir.

Sir Nich. In her Chamber! and what does she in her Chamber, forsooth?

Betty. I don't know; she is a little out of Humour about this Affair.

Sir Nich. Out of Humour! Hum! and I am out of Humour too; Od! I'll ferret her.

Betty. She has some Reason, Sir.

Sir Nich. She has no Reason: I'll reason her, an unreasonable Gypsy! Well, and what Reason has she, do you say, Mrs. Dainty Finger?

Betty. Why, Sir, the Man to whom you are just now in such a hurry to marry your Daughter, may, for ought you know, be a Highway-man.

Sir Nich. Hum! a Highway-man! what dost mean?

Betty. Sir, in cool plain Truth, he is not the Man he pretends to be.

Sir Nich. Not the Man he pretends to be! what! not young Squire Freeman?

Betty. No, Sir; no more related to him than I am.

Sir Nich. Hark ye, take care of Scandal; have a care, I say, Hussy!

Betty.

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Betty. Why, Sir, *Colin*, your Under-Gard'ner, discover'd the Thing to me; and he has undertaken in half an Hour to prove this pretended Squire an Impostor; he only begs you will be so good to your self to suspend the Wedding so long; and he gave me Authority to say this to you.

Sir Nich. Hum! Why, this is really very strange! Od! it makes my Head swim: But if it shou'd be a Lye! ay, my Mind gives me, this is a Lye; you have pump'd up this Lye, hah! Hussy!

Betty. Sir, you may think so, if you please: I have done my Duty.

Sir Nich. But on t'other Side, if it shou'd be true, it wou'd be an ugly Affair. Hum! well, well, I will wait; I will have Patience half an Hour; if it be not so, *Colin* will lose his Skin; he will be stript, that is all.

Betty. Dear Sir! I wonder you, who know the World perfectly well, will not be pleas'd to recollect that every Place swarms with Fortune-hunters; 'tis a Calling, a Profession; I warrant the young Fellow within has received twenty Fortunes, and has a Pack of Wives as numerous as your Fox-hounds, in one County or other. The young Fellows of our Days delight in Pluralities, tho' one Cure is as much as the most able Divine can perform as he ought; but the Plurality of Fortunes is the Temptation.

AIR LIV. Tune to the Free-Masons Song.



*If nought but the Cure
Did the good Man allure,
It cou'd not be worth so much Pains to secure;
If the Pigs, and the Geese,
Which we know are his Fees,
Did not help, 'twou'd be very great Nonsense:
Without Pence to Teach,
And to Pray, and to Preach,
Is a Burthen too great, in all Conscience:*

So the Suitor in Fashion

Has no Inclination

To ought but the Fortune in Purse, Sir;

It is not the Wife,

But the Money for Life,

That he takes, and for Better for Worse, Sir. [Ex. Bet.

Enter File.

Sir Nich. O! here is *File*: I will examine him sedately and coolly; examine him with Temper, as becometh a Magistrate. Sir, do you know the Statute? Are you acquainted with the Penalty annex'd to the Crime of Biting a Justice of the Peace? one of the *Quorum*, Sirrah?

File. Sir!

Sir Nich. Ay, Sir! don't stare me in the Face with those impudent Hounds Eyes! but answer me directly, without Prevarication, you Dog.

File. To what, Sir?

Sir Nich. Look ye, there is no getting the Truth out; I never saw so daring an Offender!

File. Really, Sir, I am at a Loss —

Sir Nich. The Dog will dye hard; I see he will: Hum!

File. Will you be so good, when your Passion is a little abated, to let me know how I have incensed you: Your Anger, Sir?

Sir Nich. You lye, Sirrah! I am not angry; I can not be angry; it does not become a Magistrate; but when a Rascal thus obstinately denies every Article with which he is charged —

File. You have not been pleas'd yet, Sir, to let me know my Crime.

Sir Nich. What Occasion is there for that, Sir? Don't you know it your self? Does not your Conscience fly in your Face?

File. I am so innocent, that —

Sir Nich. I will have it out: Who is this Spark that pretends to marry my Daughter, and calls himself your Master?

File. My Master! pretends! Lord, Sir!

Sir Nich. Ay, Sir, for I am told he is a Counterfeit.

File. Good Sir! who informed you?

Sir Nich. Why, it came from my Gard'ner *Colin*.

File. *Colin*!

Sir Nich. *Colin*.

File. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Nich. Why do you grin, Sirrah?

File.

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File. All that I know is, Sir, that if Wisdom, ay, if that was any Protection to us against Passion, Sir *Nicholas* could not be led away thus.

Sir Nich. Hah! what dost thou say?

File. Why now, Sir, the whole Plot is out.

Sir Nich. Plot, Sir! what Plot?

File. Good Sir, give me your Patience but a Moment: You are to know that this very Person who calls himself *Colin*, and serves as your Under-Gard'ner, is a Gentleman, who has now for some time lain disguised under that Character, to run away with your Daughter.

Sir Nich. Hah! Hum! What!

File. Yes, Sir; this I have from his Servant; and I am sure it is true.

Sir Nich. This is amazing! but if it shou'd be a Lye! will you stand in this to *Colin's* Face?

File. That I will; and go with you this Moment to apprehend him. I will answer it with my Life.

Sir Nich. Hum! 'tis very plain: I protest I am concern'd I shou'd suspect the Squire; I have been wrong; you will make my Excuses to him: Or, since he does not know this Business, let it sleep, my brave Boy.

File. I shall always punctually obey your Commands, Sir.

Sir Nich. It might ruffle the young Gentleman: — But for this Daughter of mine — Hum — it is high time to lock her up in Matrimony; nothing else can secure a Wench in her Teens.

AIR LV. The Rummer.



Our Girls, like our Geese, shou'd be watch'd from the Vermin;
That Geese are like Girls then, with Ease we determine;

*Geese will gaggle, and wander astray on the Common;
 And gaggle, and wander astray will a Woman:
 A Goose will sit quiet, under Barriers and Locks;
 But the Goose of a Woman breaks thro' to the Fox. [Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *the Garden.*

Enter Lucas.

Luc. When we in-lay Flowers of different Kinds, they produce what we Gard'ners call Mules only. This is a sort of a Mulish Wedding at our House to-day: *Rosella* looks to me to be a Creature of a different Make and Kind, quite of another Species, from the noisy Squire who is to be her Husband.

AIR LVI. Farewel, my *Calista*, &c.

*How hard is the Fate of the Maiden, that's wed
 To the Man she abhors? thus unhappily sped,
 She, like the fair Flow'r, transplanted a-while,
 Strives in vain the sad Loss of her Bloom to beguile;
 The Roses and Lillies, her Features, soon fly,
 In an unkindly Soil does she wither and dye.*

Where

Where is *Colin*, my Boy *Colin*? I know not how it is, but I have something within me that rejoices in that young Man; I like him—: I think he is very honest, and very ingenious; he takes the Lessons I give him without Obstinacy. His Understanding is not like some of your stiff Clay, hard to work—but he is a little Idle—this same Love—

Enter Sir Nicholas and File.

Sir Nich. Where is he? let me see him, let me apprehend him, a felonious Son of a — Where is he, say? Where have you conceal'd him? Produce him quickly, or —

Luc. If I knew who you wanted, perhaps I might inform you; but I can assure you, Sir, where-ever he is, I have him not about me.

Sir Nich. You are a Concealer of Stolen Goods, and if he is not forth-coming you are within the Statute.

Luc. You will be pleased to inform me, whom it is you want?

File. *Colin*, Old Man: Where is your Friend and Confederate in Iniquity, *Colin*?

Luc. *Colin* is my Fellow-Servant, not my Confederate in Iniquity, my no Friend; but where he is I know not.

Sir Nich. Fly, fly, pursue him.

Luc. [*Aside.*] The old Gentleman is very boozy this Morning, before the Wedding is finished, perhaps that he may have the Excuse of not being in his Senses when he did so silly a Thing: They have some evil Intention toward *Colin*; if I can see him, I will advise him to keep out of the way a-while. [*Exit.*]

File. Now, Sir *Nicholas*, it is quite clear; you see the Rascal is fled.

Sir Nich. A silly Puppy, to think to impose on me! I know the World. — Oh, here is your Master! we must laugh a little at this Numpscull of a Projector who pretended to steal my Daughter.

Enter Brush.

They tell me, my good Son-in-Law that are to be, that you are not the Person you pretend to be, so that I am to be bit, and bambouzled, and all that, in this Affair, Ha, ha, ha!

File. Ha, ha, ha! [*Makes Signs to Brush to laugh.*]

Brush. Pleasant! ay, very pleasant; Ho, ho, ho!

[*Feigns a Laugh.*]

Sir Nich. I am not so easily taken as they think for: Why, here has been a Plot, a most horrid Plot—Why do you stare so? Hum! you may well look frightened!

Brush.

Brush. Blown!

[*Aside to File*.

File. Poltroon! stand your Ground.

[*Aside*.

Sir Nich. My dear Boy! I thank Heaven and your Servant, the whole Roguery is out — a poaching Rascal!

Brush. Ha, ha, ha! *Sir Nicholas*, this was a very shallow Design; I fancy I know this Fellow, who went by the Name of *Colin*; ay, it must be he, his Creditors have no other Hopes, I think, but some Project of this sort.

Sir Nich. I think one shou'd take the Law of him tho', for the Impudence of the Thing.

Brush. Um! No, no, *Sir Nicholas*, poor Creature he is unhappy enough.

Sir Nich. Will you walk in, and let me deliver up my Trust? We shall now put an end to all Disputes and Pretensions — They have, it is a strange thing, they have often attempted to bite me, and always without Success — they might know, methinks, that I am a little Peery. [*As they are going off*,

Enter Rosella, Betty, Lady Wiseacre, and Colin (now Freeman) in his Habit of a Gentleman; and Lucas.

Brush. Oons!

[*Aside to File*.

File. What?

Brush. Here he is at full Length.

File. Who?

Brush. My Master!

Freeman. (*Colin*.) Sir, I am your most obedient humble Servant.

[*To Sir Nich*.

Sir Nich. Your Servant, unknown.

Freem. I thought it my Duty, *Sir Nicholas*, to appear upon this Occasion, not only to prevent the Ruin of your Family by this Impostor, but to secure my own Name and Character from all Imputation of being concerned in the Fraud.

Sir Nich. [*Staring Freeman full in the Face before he speaks.*] Hah! Master *Colin*! you are welcome, heartily welcome; you are the Man, the very Man I wanted.

File. Hah!

Brush. My Assurance gives ground.

[*Aside*.

Sir Nich. This is *Colin*, my Gard'ner *Colin*! don't you know him?

Brush. Know him! why, the Fellow has liv'd with me above three Years; I shou'd know him, I think; I turn'd him off about a Fortnight since for attempting to make Love to my Sister's Woman; he was always an amorous Coxcomb.

Freem. [*To Sir Nich*.] You have Thieves in your House this Moment; they are robbing you now, and if you permit them to blind you too —

Sir Nich.

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Sir Nich. I am sensible, very sensible, dear Mr, *Colin*, of the Mischief intended me; and if you are not in a Hurry, I shall presently lay you by the Heels to prevent it.

Brush. [To Freeman.] How has thy evil Genius tempted thee to this, *Brush*? This is superlatively brazen.

Freem. It is the tip-top Stroke of that sort, I ever met with.

File. Ay, the Fellow does it tolerably.

Brush. [To Freeman.] I am to inform you, *Brush*, there is a Something in the Air of a Gentleman that reveals him, tho' he is silent; and when he speaks, or moves, his Education breaks out in so full a Light!

AIR LVII. Hark, the thun'dring Cannons, &c.



Thy Shape, thy Face, thy clumsy Mein,

All with one Consent declare,

Such a Clown was never seen

Beneath a gentle Lover's Air.

Wou'd you know the Man of Fashion,

Easy, Gentle, Pleasant, Free,

Void of every sordid Passion,

Colin, turn thy Eyes on me.

Freem. He, that Fellow, is my Footman *Brush*; he is now before my Face in my Person, Cloaths, Character, is now stealing your Daughter; robbing you, imposing on you.

Sir Nich. Silly Toad! how easy it is for a common Liar, who cannot blush, to say any thing.

Brush. [To Freeman.] Heark'ee, *Brush*, I had always a Regard for you, as a Fellow of some Smartness and Humour,

but this Stratagem is a little too shallow, and is remarkable only for the extream Impudence of the thing.

File. [To Freeman.] Brother *Brush*, these Cloaths fit easy enough upon you, but there are other things necessary to the Character of a Gentleman, besides his Habit; there is a Lightness and a Smoothness about you that discovers the Brass Shilling to the least curious Eye.

Free. Sir, I have by good Fortune found some Letters in my Pockets, by the Directions and Contents you will see—Yes, and this Seal is our Family Coat, perhaps you may know it.

Sir Nich. Hum! What? ay, this is, I profess, this is their Coat.

Brush. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Nich. You are merry—

Brush. Only, Sir, to see how he staggers you. Ask him, *Sir Nicholas*, whose Cloaths they are that he now wears; that cast Suit I confess I gave him, and perhaps I might be careless enough to leave some Papers in the Pocket.

File. But the Seal, Sir, he must actually rob you of.

Sir Nich. Ay, ay, I am now very positive; thou art the most impudent Fellow that ever breath'd.

Freem. Defer the Wedding but 'till To-morrow.

Sir Nich. And you will run away with her To-night.

Brush. [To Freeman.] Look'ee, *Brush*—

Sir Nich. What the pies, Son-in-Law! do not contend with the Fellow any longer, whether You are he, or he is You.

Brush. Ha, ha! it is extreamly ridiculous.

Sir Nich. Why, thou art the oddest Dog! What, do you insist upon persuading a Gentleman out of himself?—Do ye hear!——*Roger, Hob, Ralph*, just toss this Fellow into the Horse-pond, without any regard to his lac'd Cloaths, or his counterfeit Squireship; and after you have sows'd him, throw him into the Dog-kennel: I warrant you, Master *Brush*, we shall bring you to your self.

Ros. Sir, before you come to these Extremities with a Gentleman, you will be so good to consider—

Sir Nich. Hum!—that is right, now it is out, it clears up—Huffy! Huffy!

[*Aside.*

La. Wife. Methinks he has the Look of a sober, modest Gentleman, and I think it might be right—

Sir Nich. First, Wife, You do not Think; and Secondly, If you did Think, it cou'd not be right.

Betty. Sir *Nicholas*!

Sir Nich. What, here is a Confederacy!

Betty. This is in the worst Light you can view it; but a Love-trick, which is, must, and will always be pardonable by the

the Beau-Monde; so I do not Intreat, but Command you in the Name of *Venus, Cupid*, and all the Graces, to give this Lover his Liberty.

Sir Nich. I hate *Venus, Cupid*, and all the Graces, you Flirt, you: Liberty, quoth'a! I wou'd as soon turn loose a Bevy of Foxes among my Poultry.

AIR LVIII. *Cavililly Man, &c.*



Betty. In the Name of the Graces, and Venus, and Joy,
In the Name of young Cupid, release the fond Boy:
Rosy Fetters alone are the Chains of Desire,
And only shou'd bind those whom Love does inspire.

Enter Sir William Freeman.

Brussh. Who have we here?

File. My Master, in his turn, Sir, that is all.

Sir Will. Lady *Wiseacre*, I am your most obedient Servant;
Sir Nicholas, I do assure you I have endured some Pain, and I hate Pain, to wait upon you, and to let you know in Person that this Accident —

Sir Nich. *Sir William*, you come opportunely, and I am heartily glad to see you.

Sir Will. Why, who can help it? the Colt is stray'd, he is a wild one, not tame enough yet for Matrimony; he does not care to come to House it seems, he is not fond of dry Meat, he loves to Soil in fresh Pasture; it is not so wholesome, but I remember I was once a young Fellow my self — Well, I ask a thousand Pardons for the ill Manners of this mad Boy, his Usage of that beautiful young Lady is wholly inexcusable — but when he appears, Madam —

Sir Nich. When he appears! --- why here he is; this Affair is upon the Point of Consummation; but here is an odd Fellow forbids the Banes, and says —

Sir Will. Hah! my Boy, my Boy *Billy*! What, before me here? Well, thou art a Lad of Honour at last; I see, Sir, my Son has prevented —

Sir Nich. Your Son, Sir! why, is that Person your Son, Sir?

Sir Will. My Son, Sir? ay, Sir, my Son; and as honest a Fellow! you see, he is punctual, Sir; I did, indeed, begin to doubt.

Sir Nich. Ay, I begin to doubt too — What a fine Piece of Work is here? Lord! Lord! I do not know how to look him in the Face. If that Gentleman is your Son, pray, Sir *William*, who is this Person? [*Pulling Brush forward.*] If you know, will you be so good to inform me?

Sir Will. Surely, I remember a Face like that; I have seen him, I think, in Blue faced with Yellow, but he is so beclock'd, and bedawb'd, and toupied!

Sir Nich. Hum! ay, so it is; I am bit, bamboufled, trick'd; Dogs! Dogs!

Sir Will. File, don't you know this fine Gentleman?

File. Not I, upon my Soul, I never saw him before — I am afraid —

Freem. You remember *Brush*, Sir!

Sir Will. Right! *Brush* himself. Pr'ythee, what is the Meaning of this Fellow's Dress? and the Apprehension he seems to be under, and this general Silence; whe, what have I frighted you all?

Betty. Sir *William*! never any one came more seasonably; this modest Gentleman, Mr. *Brush*, claimed your Name, and your Estate; and that wise Gentleman, Sir *Nicholas*, acknowledg'd his Title; in a Word, he call'd himself your Son; and your Servant, *File*, took upon him the Character of his Valet; and in your Son's Absence, Sir, they had like, thro' the great Indulgence of Sir *Nicholas* and Lady *Wifeacre*, to have carry'd off *Rosella* and her Fortune.

Sir Nich. Why, any one might have been a little out here; why, I must tell you this was a Case might have puzzled the whole Bench.

La. Wife. No, Sir *Nicholas*, you are right, you must be right, you always were right.

Luc. It is Fifty to one, Sir, you never miss the Mark.

La. Wife. Well, after all, I never did like that young Man.

Sir Will. So, so, all is well, mighty well; there is no Harm done, it seems. Come, let us be joyful, let us croud as much Pleasure into this Day as it can possibly hold. Ha! here is *Lucas* too! honest old *Lucas*: My good Friend, how dost thou? Sir *Nicholas*, you shall give him leave to sing the Ballad I al-

ways

ways delighted in; 'tis full of Joy and Pleasure, and all that,
old Boy; 'tis proper to the Occasion.

AIR LIX. If I live to grow Old, &c.

[Design'd to be Sung.]



Luc. Let Joys after Joys, in a circular Flow,
Take and hurry me with them around as they go;
I stop not to chuse, ev'ry Choice wou'd give Pain,
And carry me back to dull Thinking again.
Wou'd you Love? I resign me to Cupid's soft Band;
Wou'd you Toast all the Night? See my Brimmer in Hand;
From Pleasure to Pleasure I wantonly rove,
I Love, and I Live, and each Moment improve;
If at last I must Sleep, let it take me when Mellow,
And seize me that Instant my Head's on the Pillow;
Yet, if in the tender Deceit of a Dream,
The Nymph I adore is the Elegant Theme,
Let the Minutes move slow, I'll each Minute employ;
The Delusion will then prove a sensible Joy. Sir Nich.

Sir Nich. Pray give me leave, *Sir William*, tho' you are the elder Justice, to examine these Rascals, and to know wherefore they have abused me thus, and how they became so qualify'd, for I profess they are their Arts Masters——*Sirrah!* where did you learn to lye thus?

File. I was two Days and a half in *Lady How-d'ye's* Service.

Sir Nich. And where did you get this Trick of Forging Persons and Letters?

Brusb. I was once, *Sir*, a great Dealer in Stock, *Sir*.

Sir Nich. Impudent Dog! 5000*l.* at one Main, where had you Courage?

Brusb. I always hated piddling Play; and as to my Courage, *Sir*, I was once Captain to a Pharaoh-Table.

Sir Nich. How came you both thus accomplish'd in Impudence?

File. We never copy'd our Inferiors.

Sir Nich. And as to your Sincerity and Truth——

Brusb. We have been in several Courts in *Europe*.

AIR LX. Hark, the Cock crow'd, &c.



Brusb. *The World's a Deceit,*
The False are the Great,
For Poverty Plain-dealing follows;
The Crime lyes, no doubt,
In being found out,
While we bid for a Plumb or the Gallows.

File.

File. We are but the Mimicks,
Of those vers'd in Chimicks,
Who extract from the People their Riches;
They empty their Pockets,
While gaping the Blockheads,
For their Money, are paid with fine Speeches.

Sir Nich. I think these Fellows have collected as many of the Cardinal Virtues in Practice, as can possibly be crouded into two Persons of their Distinction, and it is happy for the Publick that such Genius's have not been exercis'd in high Life. Well, have you any thing farther in your Justification?

Brush. Good Mr. *File*, will you clear up this Business?

File. Dear Mr. *Brush*! explain——

Brush. This Gentleman will make our Innocence appear.

File. Oh! no, not before my Master.

Brush. Thus then: I knew my Master's Inclinations were in Mortgage, and I took upon me his Name and Character, in full Hope that the Impertinence of my Behaviour wou'd thoroughly have disgusted Sir *Nicholas* and my Lady; it had the contrary Effect, I had the Misfortune to please: And then, I own my Passion for Money broke thro' my Scheme. I take Shame to my self, and confess, if Sir *William* had not arrived as he did, I do not know whither the Temptation might have hurry'd me.

Freem. The Rascal colours well; but if Impudence like this thou'd pass unpunish'd——

File. Since it is so, if we cannot obtain your Absolution as innocent, give us leave to implore your Pardon as guilty.

[Both kneeling.

Brush. Consider, Gentlemen, we have been used to live by Art.

File. Habit is not easily shook off.

Brush. Custom is a great Tyrant.

Sir Will. Pho, pho, forgive them, forgive them. Hark'ee, *File*, I fancy you might make a pretty Fellow at the Law, if you would follow it. And you wou'd do well, *Brush*, to consider of some honest Employment; what think you of a Purser, a Broker, or an Agent to some Regiment abroad?——Come, come, why do we waste Time? is the Parson ready, and the rest of the Appurtenances? Come, my Boy, take the young Lady's Hand, we will wait on you to the Chappel, and attend you while the Padlock is putting on, and

[Singing.

*If thou dost not answer her Questions Three,
Thy Head, &c.*

Freem.

Freem. [*Leading Rosella to her Father.*] Sir, you offer me a Jewel worthy to be set in a Prince's Coronet, but your Title to it is not quite clear.

Sir Nich. Hum! my Title not good? whe ———

Freem. She has some little Right in her self; I think; now what Property she has there, I know she has engaged to convey to another — and if Mr. *Heartwell* ———

Sir Nich. Mr. *Heartwell*! Ods me! lyes it there still? I will engage to ferret him out of her.

Freem. [*To Sir William.*] Sir, I ask your Forgiveness in the most humble manner; my Heart too has been engaged, warmly, faithfully engaged to this Lady; and I hope since I have been so happy to obtain hers, that you will please to let me have your Consent, that she may be mine for Life.

[*Freeman and Betty kneel to Sir William.*]

Sir Will. What my Boy! how! marry a Chambermaid! *Rosella!* *Heartwell!* Ingagements! Why, this is all mysterious! — Whe, thou wou't be undone, *Billy*; What, bring a Beggar into the Family! Pies on't.

Betty. Sir, I hope you will not oppose that Happiness which now only wants your Consent to be perfect: compleat the Work our Guardian Angels have begun: When you know thro' what a Wild of various Accidents we have met thus at last —

Sir Will. Hah! whe, what, what is thy Story, my pretty One?

Betty. It covers me with Confusion to open what you must know. When you look nearer upon me, *Sir William*, perhaps your Memory may recover some Lines in a Face once well known to you.

Sir Will. Hah! I do, I do recollect thy Features, but at present I am not able to say where I have seen them.

Sir Nich. I profess, I am astonished! Hum! where will this end?

Betty. You may remember Mr. *Bloom* of *Whitehouse*, your Neighbour.

Sir Will. You surprize me extremely!

Betty. He once cured you of a Fit of the Gout, and you sometimes wou'd call him your Doctor; and as your Estates join, you used to smile and say, since I was an only Daughter, and you had only one Son, it was pity we should not be joined too. *Sir William*, my Father, Mr. *Bloom*, has often said ———

Sir Will. Hah! my Heart jumps with Joy! My little Maid, my Fairy, as I used to call thee; what new Miracle! How art thou here?

Betty.

Betty. My Father, Sir, you may remember, wou'd have marry'd me to Squire *Guzzle*; and I, to prevent my being join'd in Wedlock to a Hogthead of Stale Beer, made my Escape, and took Service with this young Lady, who has treated me not like her Servant, but her Friend.

La. Wife. I had always a particular Liking to this Girl, I thought there was something in her not vulgar.

Sir Nich. I am sure every thing goes mighty wrong.

Sir Will. Mighty right, you mean; what the pies, don't you hear them talk of Guardian Angels, and all that? My little Fairy, I am glad thou art found, this News will kill thy Old Father with Joy. I rejoice my Boy loves thee; we had a Design once of marrying you together, but you were then too young, and my Boy went abroad soon after; but now we will finish it, if thy Father consents, and he shall consent—I will make him. To her, Boy, Sign and Seal with a Kifs.

AIR LXI. *French Minuet.*


Freem. *Ha! how sweet's the Bliss*
We feel in a Kifs,
Which from her Lips we have stole?
Kind Caressing,
Panting, Pressing,
While in each Kifs we breathe our Soul.

Sir Nich. And what must we do with the Marriage-Articles, Brother?

Sir Will. Why, burn your Marriage-Articles, Brother; or have them drawn over again, and put *Heartwell's* Name in the room of my Son's: Nay, nay, don't frown, so it shall be before we part. Why, if you don't give her the Man she likes, she will certainly take him; you had better contrive to please her, than to vex your self. Brother *Wiseacre*, after you and I have taken a Bottle together, things will look with quite another Face.

Betty. If Words cou'd convey the Gratitude of my Heart---

G

Ref.

Ros. Words are the Tools of Hypocrites, Pretenders to Friendship; this only I have to ask thee, my Dear, that we may still continue together, as much as possible, that our Happiness may not wholly divide us.

AIR LXII. With tuneful Pipe, &c.



Ros. *Tho' dear your Joy's to me, as mine,
To quit you, I have no Heart;
Whom Sorrows could so firmly join,
Shall then our Pleasures part?*

Betty. *A Victim tho' my Heart's to Love,
To Friendship 'twill be true,
From thence you need not then remove,
There's Room enough for Two.*

Both. *Each Blessing let us then improve,
By Fate so kindly Pair'd,
Our Friendship shall exalt our Love,
And doubled are our Joys when shar'd.*

Enter Roger.

Rog. Sir, the Lads and the Lasses are come from the Sheep-shearing, to divert your Honour, they say, with the Sheep-shearing

Act III. The *VILLAGE OPERA*. 75

shearing Ballad and the Dance, upon occasion of the Wedding of our young Mistress.

Sir Nich. Hum! a Wedding! Impertinent! here is no Wedding: And tell 'em, we'll have no more Tweedle-de-de in this House to-day.

Sir Will. Od! but we will, Brother, with your Leave: Bid them come in, and Foot it away merrily; If my Toes wou'd consent to it, I wou'd take a Trip with them, I can tell you that.

A Country Dance of Four Couple, Clowns and Lasses.

AIR LXIII.

A Sheep - Shearing Ballad.



Luc. *When Roses and Daies are springing,
And Cowslips the Fields are adorning;
When the Birds on the Boughs sit singing,
And welcome the Sweets of the Morning,
Without the Plough
Fat Oxen lough,
With Delight on the flow'ry Mead;
The Lads and the Lasses a Sheep-shearing go,
Dick, Dolly, and black-ey'd Susan,
All deck'd with their best Hose and Shoes on.*

The

II.

Hob. *The Shepherd he sheers his Fleece, Sir,
 Delighted to find the dear Treasure,
 Far richer than that was in Greece, Sir,
 His Substance, his Life, and his Pleasure;
 'Tis our Cloth, and our Food,
 Our Politick Blood,
 'Tis the Life and the Soul of our Trade;
 'Tis a Mine above Ground,
 Where our Treasure is found;
 'Tis the Seat which our Nobles all sit on,
 'Tis the Gold and the Silver of Britain.*

[Betty advancing between Rosella and Freeman.]

Betty: Since an innocent Passion has laid the Foundation of our present Happiness, we have nothing to wish but that it may be lasting, that good Fortune will attend us still, and provide

That neither Time nor Cares the Bliss remove,
 But fill each Hour with Harmony and Love.

F I N I S.





